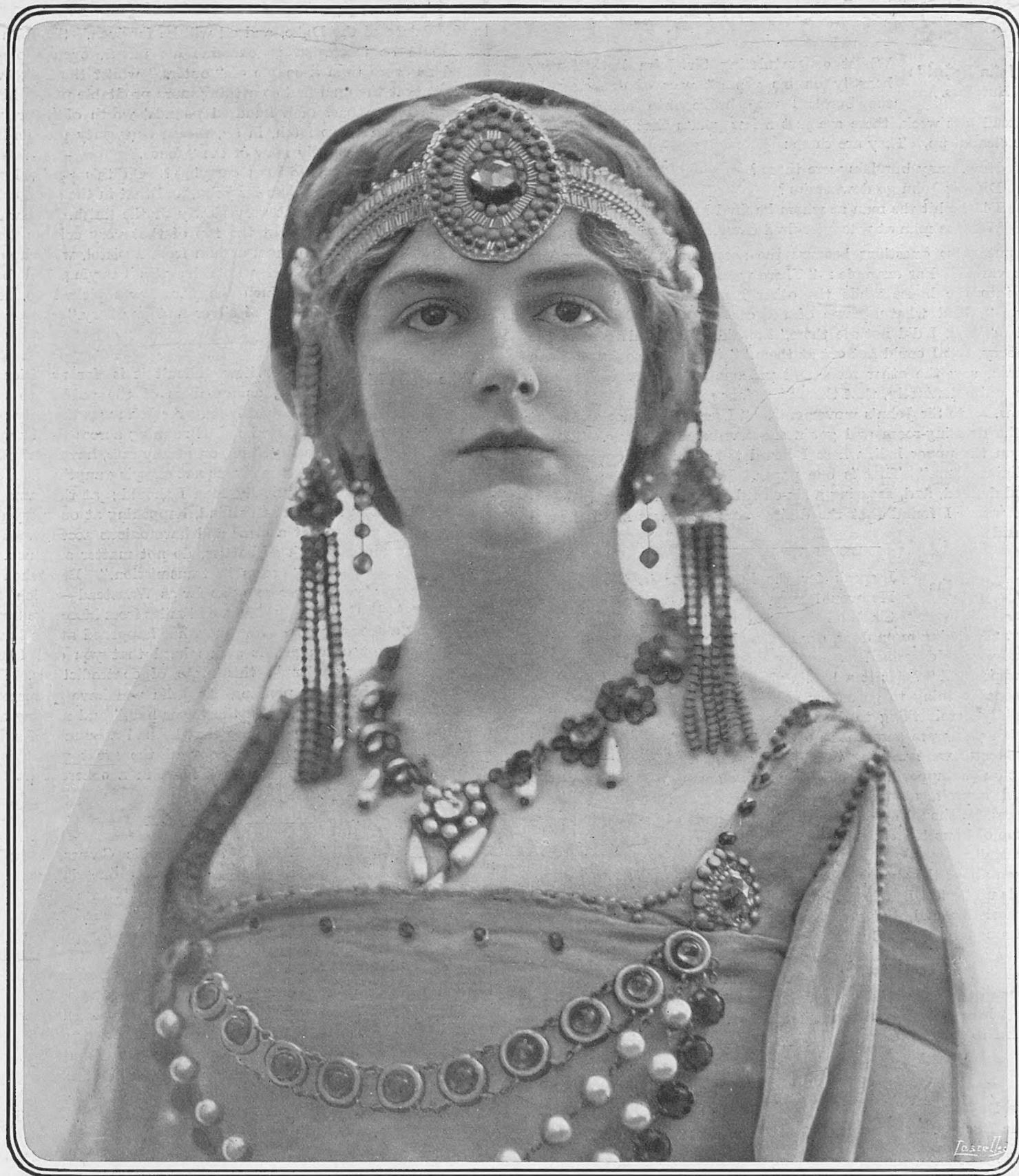


The Sketch

No. 1086.—Vol. LXXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1913.

SIXPENCE.

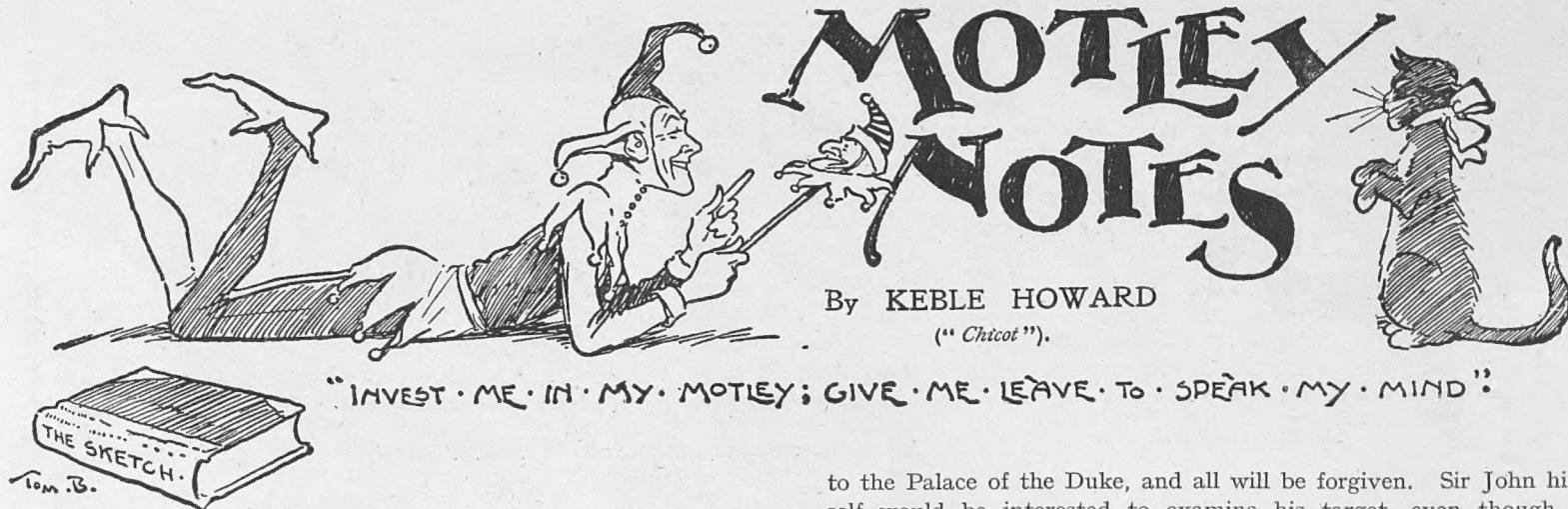


A PICTURE FOR THE PICTURE BALL! MRS. DUBOSC - TAYLOR.

Mrs. F. J. Dubosc-Taylor, who is much interested in the Picture Ball and Christmas Carnival which will be held in the Albert Hall on Dec. 3, in aid of the Invalid Kitchens of London, and is concerned particularly with the Early-Victorian School of Painting, is the daughter of the late M. Dubosc, of the Château de Frefossé,

Normandy, and the wife of the South American millionaire whose father, the late Mr. W. H. Taylor, founded the Jockey Club of Buenos Ayres. Her portrait, by Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A., was in the Royal Academy of 1911. In the above photograph she is seen in Oriental attire.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



By KEBBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

Sir John Bethell's Burglars. Whilst congratulating Sir John Bethell very heartily on his prompt way of dealing with the burglars who broke into his house at Wanstead last week, there are just a few points that I should like to see cleared up. They are these :

- (1) How many burglars were there ?
- (2) Did Sir John go downstairs ?
- (3) Did he hit the man at whom he fired ?
- (4) Was the man at whom he fired carrying a parcel ?

I put these questions because the accounts in the newspapers are so varied. For example : "There were four men in all. Three went into the house while the other kept watch." That is one paper. "'And what became of the other men ?' Sir John was asked. 'Well, I did not see them,' he said ; 'I heard them in the shrubbery, but I could not get at them.' " Nobody, so far as I can ascertain, saw the other men, and yet one of my morning papers states, quite distinctly, that there were four men in all.

Now, as to Sir John's movements. "I got up at once and went into the dressing-room and got a six-chambered revolver. Then I went on the upper hall, where I heard the gentlemen operating in the dining-room." That is one paper. Here is another : "I got up and dressed, and, securing a six-chambered revolver, went downstairs, where I found that the dining-room door was secured from the inside."

Puzzling the Reader.

I speak for the householder in the country. He would very much like to know whether Sir John dashed downstairs and flung himself against the dining-room door, or whether he carried out the mysterious movement described as "going on the upper hall." What is an "upper hall" ? Is it a landing ? Of course, it would be quite a reasonable thing to go as far as the landing, but it would be a splendidly heroic thing to dash oneself against the door of a room in which you were sure that no less than four burglars, all armed to the teeth, were waiting to shoot you down. If, then, Sir John "went on the upper hall," he commands our respect, but if he tried to hurl himself, alone and scantily garbed, on that battery of revolvers, he should be decorated with all kinds of medals and have a statue of himself erected, at the public expense, in the very centre of the Mall.

Then about the shooting. Sir John says in one paper : "I cried, 'Hands up ! but he tried to bolt, and I fired at his legs and hit him. He wheeled round, but resumed running. I fired again, and hit him a second time.' " But in another paper, published on the same morning as the first paper quoted, I read : "Although Sir John Bethell thought he hit one of the burglars, his shots evidently missed. No trace of blood was found, and police inquiries at surgeries and places where a wounded man would be likely to have his injury attended to proved unsuccessful."

The Duke and the Burglar.

If Sir John is quite sure that he hit the burglar twice in the legs—and I note that the man was only eight yards away when Sir John fired the first shot, and that the moon was shining very brightly—here is the very man, should he be found, for whom the Duke of Westminster has been searching. A man who can still run with two revolver-bullets in his legs, and that without even bothering to shed blood as he goes, seems to me the exact person to uphold the honour and glory of dear old England at the Olympic Games. Should these lines meet his eye, I beg of him to come forward, repair

to the Palace of the Duke, and all will be forgiven. Sir John himself would be interested to examine his target, even though he scored no more than a couple of "outers," whilst the Duke would see to it that the man had something more profitable put in his way than the fourth part of a hundred pounds' worth of silver, which might be expected to fetch, in all, fifteen or twenty pounds had it ever reached the friendly maw of the "fence."

Lastly, what was the man carrying ? On this point, I regret to say, one paper contradicts Sir John, and that in the same column. Said Sir John : "He went very slowly at the finish. He was not carrying anything." But at the top of that very column I read : "He promptly fired two shots at him from a pistol, whereupon the burglar dropped the parcel which he was carrying and bolted, apparently unwounded. When the parcel was picked up, it was found to contain a quantity of silver and jewellery."

Who Runs May Read.

You see how difficult it is for us, friend the reader, as members of the public, to get at the actual facts. Sir John was the only person who saw the fellow at whom he fired running across the lawn, and yet the papers will not believe him, or, at any rate, have contradicted him, when he says that the man was not carrying anything. It may be that I read more analytically than I should ; at the same time, I do think that in a case of this kind, happening at our very doors, we should be able to get a clear and harmonious account. Things that happen abroad, such as battles, do not matter so much. We are quite prepared for "errors in transmission." But when it is merely a case of a reporter going as far as Wanstead—which, I find from the "A. B. C.," is only eleven odd miles from Moorgate Street—and asking a Member of Parliament what happened at his house in broad moonlight overnight, it seems hard that you and I should be compelled to wander in this maze of contradictions. Before these lines are in print, perhaps, Sir John will have corrected the statements as to his "going on the upper hall," and missing a man eight yards off, and failing to see that he had a bundle of silver in his hand. I hope so. The curiosity of the great public is now aroused, and the story must be set forth in a coherent narrative, accompanied by maps.

The Olympic Fight. Talking of the Olympic Games, I had the privilege of taking part, one day last week, in the Great Annual Olympic Fight. (His Grace the Duke, I regretted to note, was not present). The first round took place at Earl's Court Station, when the competitors were required to board a train for Addison Road. Those who were successful in this initial bout were then expected to make their way out of Addison Road Station into Olympia. The third and greatest test was still to come. We had to force our way through a narrow channel guarded by motor-cars. If one fell into a car, or over a car, or scraped a car with one's stick or umbrella, one was promptly disqualified. I am proud to say that I accomplished the round without actual physical injury, but, at the conclusion of the feat, I had to be carried into an adjoining room and plied with China tea and buttered toast. Many hundreds were in a like condition.

It is said that the cars forming the ramparts of this Perilous Way are of the latest pattern and present many points of interest to the Night Watchman. I am ready to believe it, but, as one interested in motor-cars, I think it a little hard that the Night Watchman should be permitted to have the pleasure of a leisurely inspection all to himself. I cannot resist the idea that the motor-trade would benefit to no small extent if the general public were allowed an occasional glimpse of the latest things in automobilian marvels.

ACCORDING TO THE ALHAMBRA: A SKIT ON GABY DRESS



Lascelles

1913 Germany

AS IMAGINED IN "KEEP SMILING!": A BOX FOR A HAT FOR GABY DESLYS, AND A PARCEL CONTAINING A DRESS FOR HER.

In that scene of "Keep Smiling!" which takes place on the deck of a great liner, there are, at all events, two topical allusions. The purser says: "Any passengers having any valuables to entrust to my care, please step forward." One passenger offers an ulster. This the purser refuses, saying: "Ulster can take care of itself."

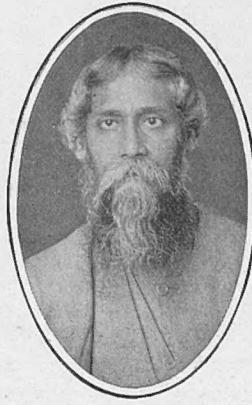
A second passenger brings the very large hat-box shown and the very small parcel. The purser asks what the hat-box is, and the reply is: "A hat for Gaby Deslys." The small parcel is then offered. The purser asks "And this?"; and the reply is "This is her dress."

Photograph Specially Taken for "The Sketch" by Wrather and Buys.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



CAPTAIN HARWOOD—FOR NOT NEEDING OIL IN NAVIGATING THE CITY AS A FREEMAN.



RABINDRANATH TAGORE—FOR WRITING NOBLE POETRY AND WINNING THEREBY A NOBEL PRIZE.



KING FERDINAND OF BULGARIA—FOR FINDING "TO LET" PLACARDS PLACED ON HIS PALACE.



MISS JESSIE WOODROW—FOR TURNING THIRTEEN INTO A LUCKY NUMBER.



MR. LEOPOLD SALOMONS—FOR KEEPING BOX HILL FOR THE ENGLISH HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

Captain C. E. Harwood, of the oil-tank steamer "Narragansett," who did such good service at the burning of the "Volturno," was recently made a Freeman of the City of London.—The 1913 Nobel Prize for Literature, worth about £8000, has been awarded to the famous Bengal poet, Rabindranath Tagore.—King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, it seems, is not on the best of terms with a section of his subjects. During his absence in Vienna, some placards were placed on his palace at Sofia announcing that it was "To Let." It is anticipated that

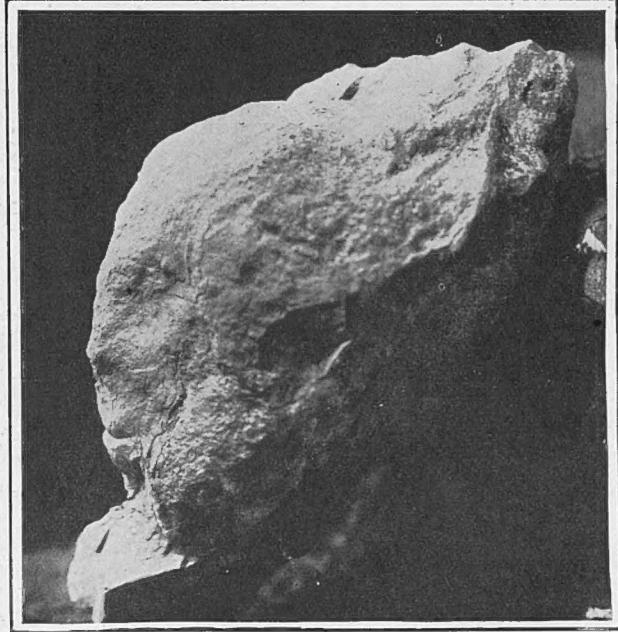
he will shortly abdicate.—Miss Jessie Wilson, daughter of the U.S.A. President, is to marry Mr. F. B. Sayre on Nov. 25. She will be the thirteenth White House bride, but is not superstitious about it, and on Nov. 13 attended a "thirteen" luncheon.—Box Hill, recently threatened by the builder, has been saved as an open space by the munificence of Mr. Leopold Salomons, of Norbury Park, Dorking. He has bought, for many thousands of pounds, over 235 acres, which he intends to present to the nation.

Photographs by Farringdon Photo Co., Trevor, Shirreff, Harris and Ewing, and Elliott and Fry.



GEORGE GRAY—FOR HIS NEW VERSION OF "BREAK, BREAK, BREAK, ON THE OLD RED BALL, O GRAY."

In his 18,000 up-billiard match with T. Reece, George Gray made a break of 963 (948 being off the red) and later, a break of 860 (all but 2 off the red).—An American anthropologist claims to have found a fossil human cranium in Upper Silurian deposits, which, if genuine, shows man to have existed 7,000,000 years ago, on a continent where there were no apes. Another scientist says



THE SILURIAN CRANUM—FOR EITHER PROVING THAT MAN IS NOT A MODIFIED MONKEY OR BEING MERELY ANOTHER FREAK PORTRAIT OF LLOYD GEORGE.

Photographs by Sport and General, and L.N.A.



PRINCESS MARY—FOR MAKING THE JACKET SHOWN, WHICH WOULD PUZZLE A WISE HEAD TO GET INTO.

it is not a skull, but "merely an accidental freak of Nature" (like the portrait of Mr. Lloyd George on a tree at Burnham Beeches, which we recently illustrated?).—In the sartorial exhibition at the Imperial Institute, to which the Queen and Princess Mary have contributed, is a little puzzle jacket made by the Princess, with two arm-holes, but no aperture for the head.



MR. H. B. IRVING—FOR KNOWING HIS WAY BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



SIR JOHN BETHELL—FOR HAVING SOME GOOD GAOL-BIRD SHOOTING ON HIS WANSTEAD ESTATES.



MR. J. R. ARCHER—FOR BEING THE FIRST MAN OF COLOUR ELECTED AN ENGLISH MAYOR.



M. HENNION—FOR HIS COSMETIC SYSTEM OF ENSURING FEMININE PUNCTUALITY.



JIM LARKIN—FOR DESCRIBING HIMSELF AS "A MAN OF LIMITED INTELLIGENCE."

In his letters on the stage-morality question, Mr. H. B. Irving remarked that there were many works of art which could not be exhibited—e.g. Michael Angelo's "Leda" at the National Gallery.—Sir John Bethell had some sporting shots at a burglar in his grounds at Wanstead the other night.—Mr. J. R. Archer is the first man of "colour" elected Mayor of an English borough—

Battersea, to wit. "My election," he said, "means a new era in history."—M. Hennion, Prefect of the Paris Police, finding that women having official appointments were often late, provided a waiting-room with toilet equipment. His difficulty now is to get them out of it.—Jim Larkin, at Manchester, called himself "a man of limited intelligence."

Photographs by Ellis and Walery, C.N., and Drinkwater.

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LONDON STATUES OF STUART KINGS : HARROW SCHOOL THREATENED BY TOWN-PLANNERS : VATICAN CELLARS.

**The Kingly
Martyr.**

King Charles I. riding his big bronze horse will have to move backwards or forwards, or go to one side, when the opening - out of the

Admiralty Arch is at last taken in hand, for his Majesty is very much of an obstructionist where he now is, and the island refuge at his horse's feet is said to increase the dangers of the most dangerous



A SHIRT WORTH 2000 DOLLARS, AND NOT NEW AT THAT! A REMARKABLE CHEQUE GIVEN TO THE Y.M.C.A. BY A LAUNDRY.

Rochester, N.Y., recently collected 750,000 dollars for the local Y.M.C.A. Among the cheques was the one for 2000 dollars which is here reproduced. This was contributed by the Star Palace Laundry, of Rochester, and was made out on the front of an ordinary white shirt.

crossing in London. No doubt he will not move far, for his statue is such a landmark in Trafalgar Square that all Londoners would grieve if he were to move from that part of the town. Those of us who were born within sound of Bow Bells will be a little surprised to learn that men from the Colonies and foreigners are often puzzled as to the identity of the warrior who bestrides the horse, for there is no inscription at the base of the statue to tell puzzled souls that it is the effigy of the Martyr King. If an inscription is put on the base of the statue when it is moved, it will be very difficult to satisfy by its wording the ardent Jacobites who decorate it every year, and who are gallant upholders of the lost cause.

The Stuart Statues. If King Charles I. should have to ride far, he might well ride down Whitehall as far as the banqueting-house where his tragedy ended. The roadway is broad enough there to allow statues to be placed in its centre without obstructing the traffic in any way; and the mounted figure of the old Duke of Cambridge—"a great statue of a great man," as King Edward remarked when he unveiled the fine old soldier's effigy—is better seen in its position opposite the War Office than any other equestrian statue in London. People grumbled when Grinling Gibbons' brass statue of King James II. was moved away from Whitehall; but it has found a very suitable position in front of the Admiralty, for, whatever were James's mistakes as a King, he did his best during the reign of his brother to save the Navy from absolute rack and ruin. Another Grinling Gibbons statue of a Stuart, King Charles II., stands in the main court of Chelsea Hospital, and every year on Oak-Apple Day the old pensioners give three cheers for the founder of the hospital—cheers which keep alive the memory of one of the few good deeds done by the witty monarch.

Harrow School in Danger Whether any real danger is threatened to Byron's old School on the Hill by the town-planning scheme brought forward—which, if carried out, would sweep away all the buildings below the road which runs from the church down to the Headmaster's house—I do not know; but if there is the

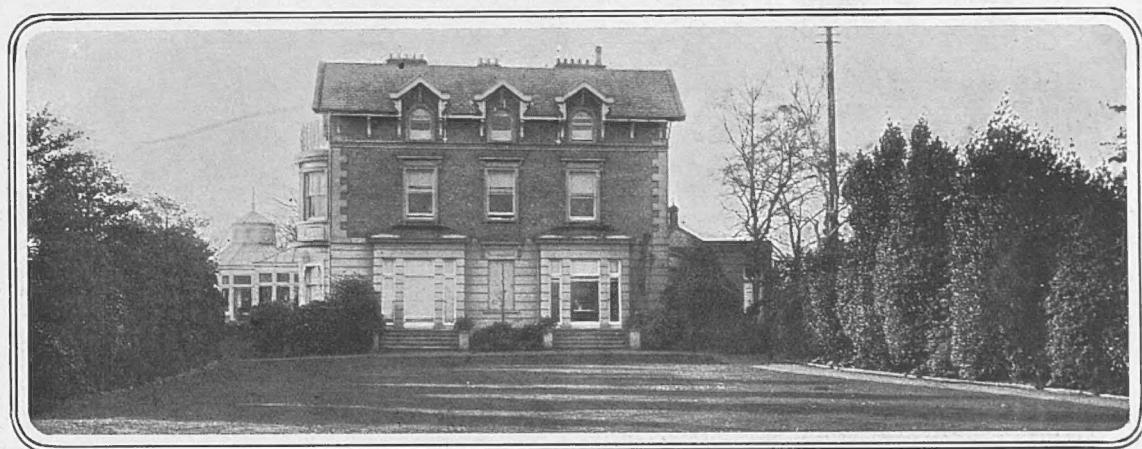
slightest chance of this misfortune coming to Harrow School, every old Harrovian who can make his voice heard should raise it in protest. Next to the old building which contains the Fourth Form room and the panelling on which great Harrovians of past days have cut their names, the terrace below the chapel, with its wonderful view over towards Kingsbury, is perhaps the most sacred spot in Harrow. Here generation after generation of Harrovians have looked across to the blue distance and have dreamed dreams of the future; and here it was that dear old John Smith, the saintly, very human master whom all the boys of the school adored, would walk up and down talking to any new boy who had come into his form, giving him counsel which sank all the deeper into a schoolboy's memory because it was given in an unusual form. The chapel, with its memorials to Harrow boys who have died when at school, and the Vaughan Library, which contains mementos of Harrow's greatest men, would also disappear if the scheme were carried out.

The Pope's Cellar

The Italian monasteries and hospitals and convents are to benefit by the mutiny of the Papal Swiss Guard, for one of the causes which led to the mutiny was that the gallant Swiss received an allowance of wine from the Papal cellars, and it is held that this wine had a good deal to say to the unrest among the picturesquely garbed Switzers. So all the priceless Tokay and the wonderful sherries which have been gifts to the Popes from their most Christian Majesties the Kings of Spain and the Emperors of Austria are to be taken away from the Vatican, and are to be used for hospital purposes by the monks and nuns of various Italian religious foundations. The Pope is a teetotaler, and he hopes that the Cardinals and other great dignitaries of the Church in Rome will follow his example in making a clearance of their cellars. Whether the sick people to whom will be given the old Tokay (which, it is said, is worth a guinea a drop) will appreciate all the qualities of the wonderful liqueur—for Tokay, though a wine, ranks as a liqueur—I should doubt, and perhaps it will give an extra pang to the mutineers of the Swiss Guard to know that the good sherry they relished so thoroughly will be drunk in future by invalid peasants who will probably judge its quality only by its strength.

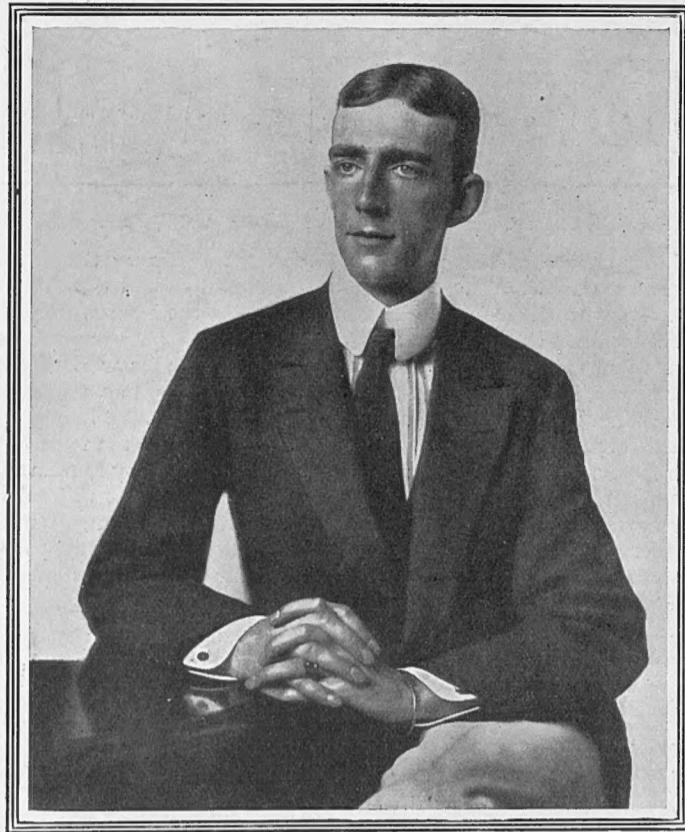
Imperial Tokay.

Tokay figures on all the wine-lists, but, as is the case with most of the very expensive wines, a good deal of the Tokay that comes to this country would not be accepted in Austria as that wine. The vineyards which produce the real wine are owned by the Austrian Emperor and the Grand Dukes and the great nobles of Austria-Hungary. When Marie Antoinette came to the French Court to marry the heir to the throne of France, much discussion went on in the Austrian Court as to what would be the most acceptable present to send to the French King. It was suggested that some fine horses would please his Majesty, but, instead, a royal gift of Tokay was sent.



WHERE THE M.P. SHOT AT THE BURGLAR: SIR JOHN BETHELL'S HOUSE AT WANSTEAD.

Early one morning last week, burglars forced an entrance into Park House, Wanstead, the residence of Sir John Bethell, Liberal M.P. for the Romford Division of Essex. They were surprised by Sir John, who fired a revolver into the air from a window, that he might have a chance to capture the men as they bolted. Three minutes later a man, carrying what Sir John believes to have been a revolver, or perhaps a jemmy, appeared from the dining-room. When Sir John called "Hands up," he tried to bolt. The M.P. fired at his legs and, he thinks, hit him. The man, after wheeling round, ran again. Again Sir John fired, and again, he thinks, hit him, though he still ran on. The other burglar escaped through the kitchen door into the shrubbery, where, later, their "swag," in the form of silver, was found. With regard to our photograph, it may be said that the men tried to enter by the window on the left of the photograph, and actually entered it through the kitchen door, which is seen on the right. Sir John Bethell fired from the window on the left of the first floor. The stolen silver was found near the bushes on the right.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Royal Matrimonial Affairs: Prince Wilhelm of Sweden and Princess Marie.

PRINCE WILHELM OF SWEDEN, SECOND SON OF THE KING OF SWEDEN.

With reference to the matrimonial affairs of Prince Wilhelm of Sweden, brother of the King of Sweden, the following communication, as given in the "Times," was recently issued by the Swedish Telegraph Agency: "Princess Marie of Sweden, Duchess of Sudermanie, born a Grand Duchess of Russia, who, following her departure from Stockholm in the middle of October, is staying in Paris with her



PRINCESS MARIE, DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE PAUL ALEXANDROVITCH.

father, has declared her intention of not returning to Sweden to continue her conjugal union. All representations made to the Princess with the object of inducing her to reconsider her decision have so far proved abortive. All the more or less fantastic rumours to which this has given rise are entirely devoid of foundation."—[Photographs by Swaine.]

A Lion among Ladies not such a very Dreadful Thing! A Feline Audience.

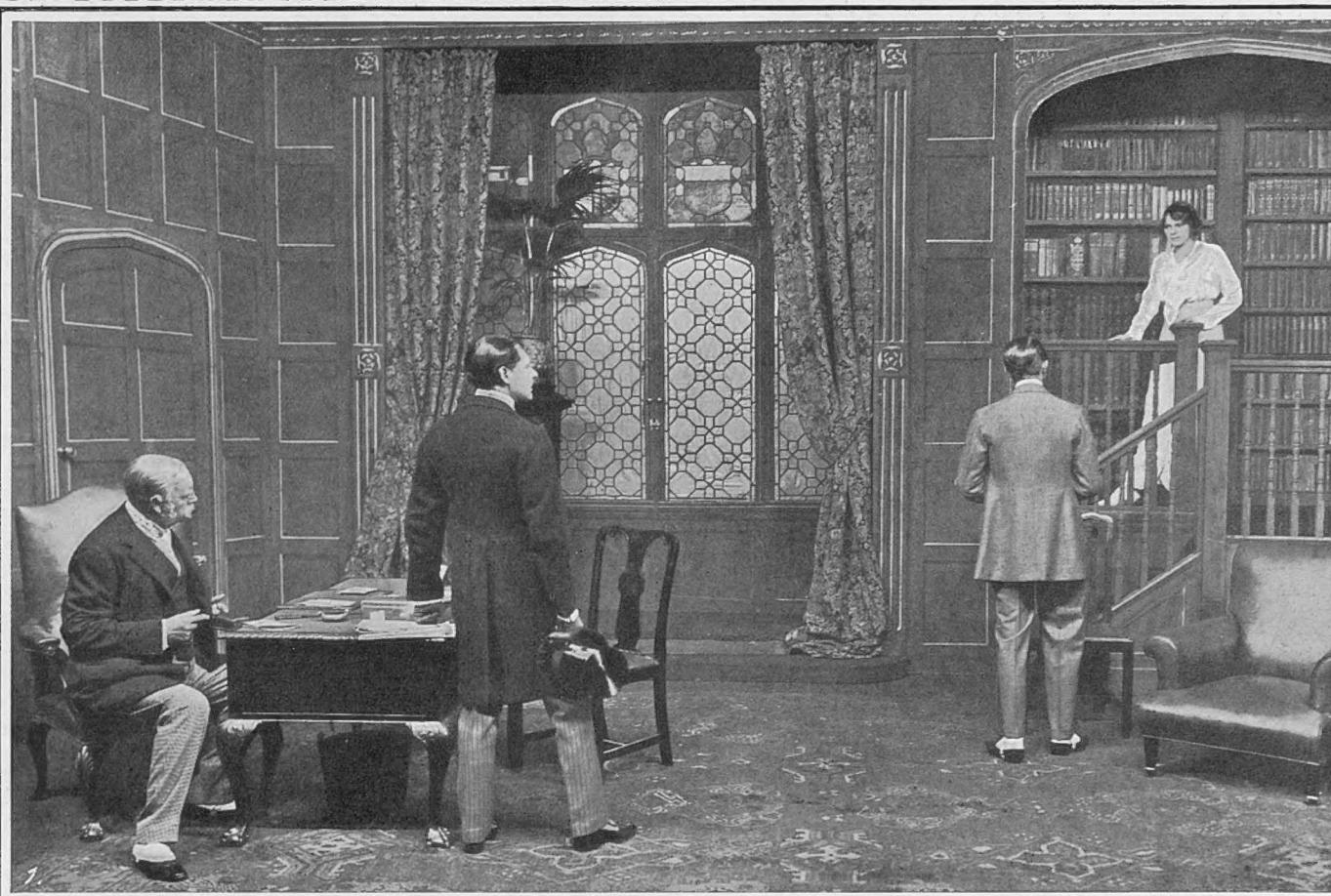
EMMY IN THE LIONS' DEN: MME DESTINN SINGING BEFORE FOURTEEN LIONS FOR A CINEMATOGRAPH FILM-DRAMA—ON THE PIANO, THE LION SHE HUGGED

Mme Destinn, the famous Bohemian prima-donna, who is so well known at Covent Garden and other opera-houses, sang recently in Berlin in a cage containing fourteen lions: this for a cinematograph film-drama. The trainer, a young woman, was,

of course, present. Mme Destinn sang the aria from "Mignon," loud enough for the movement of her lips to be reproduced by the camera. The lions behaved very well, and, after the performance, the one on the top of the piano let Mme Destinn hug him.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

COMPROMISE: "A PLACE IN THE SUN," AT THE COMEDY.



1. DICK BLAIR INSISTS THAT YOUNG STUART CAPEL SHOULD MARRY HIS SISTER, ROSE BLAIR, WHO HAS BEEN "COMPROMISED" BY HIM, AND MARJORIE CAPEL OVERHEARS HIM ASK: "SUPPOSE IT WERE YOUR DAUGHTER; SUPPOSE IT WERE YOUR SISTER?"

Rose Blair is "compromised" by Stuart Capel, who has promised to marry her, but afterwards refuses. Then her brother Dick goes to the Capels and insists on marriage. Sir John Capel proposes to do what he believes to be the right thing by offering money, but forbids his son to marry without his consent, and will not give that consent. Just as Dick Blair is saying: "Suppose it were your daughter; suppose it were your sister?" Marjorie Capel comes upon the scene. Unable to

2. MARJORIE CAPEL GOES TO DICK BLAIR'S ROOMS AT NIGHT, THAT SHE MAY BE COMPROMISED AND SO BE IN A POSITION TO FORCE BLAIR'S ARGUMENT FOR MARRIAGE BETWEEN HIS SISTER AND STUART CAPEL UPON SIR JOHN CAPEL.

persuade her father and brother, she places her father much in the position occupied by Blair by going to that young man's rooms late at night, to be compromised. Her scheme attains the desired effect. In the first photograph are Mr. Lyston Lyle as Sir John Capel; Mr. Robert Loraine as Dick Blair; Mr. Reginald Owen as Stuart Capel; Miss Jean Cavendish as Marjorie Capel. Miss Cavendish is on the left in the second photograph. The last act now has a new ending.



WITCHCRAFT AT THE ST. JAMES'S: A MASEFIELD ADAPTATION WITH THRILLS AND SHUDDERS.

The Curse of the Middle Ages. fathers were never quite certain, however strenuously they tried to keep out of politics, whether they might not any day be arrested on a charge of treason, and tortured horribly. In some countries, for a while, no one could feel safe from the awful clutches of the Inquisition. And there were centuries during which our great-great . . . grandmothers were in constant peril of trial for witchcraft. The belief in witches led to appalling judicial murders in Europe during some centuries. Of course, the belief has never quite died out. If we may judge by "Magic," Mr. G. K. Chesterton is a believer to this day; whilst I fancy that the Satanists still hold in Paris and elsewhere the appalling rites vividly described by Huysmans in "Là-Bas." Dramas on the topic are comparatively rare, but you can see one at the St. James's, written very ably by H. Wiers-Jenssen, and Englished superbly by Mr. John Masefield, who may prove to be

the great English dramatist of our time. If you like thrills and shudders, you certainly ought to see "The Witch." I have enjoyed them myself ever since I read Grimm's goblin story, a many years ago, about the boy who couldn't shiver. I love a jolly shiver. I like to sit late at night, with a long pipe to my lips, a glass at my side, my feet on the fender, reading something that causes cold shudders up my spine, and induces me, at the least sound in the house, to turn round, half-terrified, to look at the door.

"The Witch." "The Witch" isn't terrifying by the introduction of demons and bogeys, but intensely thrilling because of its picture of the Witch herself, who is handled

A KNOWING OLD THING
MERETE BEYER (MISS
JANET ACHURCH).

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

very finely. Your ordinary dramatist would have given us simply the melodrama of the unhappy girl accused of witchcraft, but conscious of her innocence. In the play at the St. James's we have a more interesting treatment, for Anne, the heroine, grows to believe that she is a witch, and that she has accomplished by supernatural power what comes from normal means. She was one of thousands and thousands, for it was the common phenomenon that women did believe themselves to be witches, and really imagined that they had seen and done horrible and absurd things—the subject is treated in a fascinating way by Michelet in "La Sorcière." With really fine art, we are told at the St. James's a tale of Norway in the sixteenth century, passing in the middle-class household of a Protestant pastor. It contains all the ingredients of tragedy: an old husband, a beautiful young wife, a handsome step-son, and the fact that Anne, the wife, is told that her mother was a witch. The time was one when there was little chance of escape for anyone accused of witchcraft. Indeed, unhappy women were tortured into confessions and denunciations, or were humorously trussed and tossed into a pond, with the agreeable



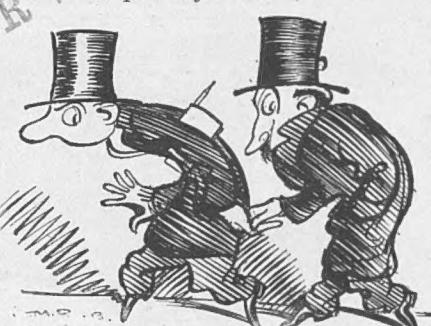
ABEOLON BEYER (MR. J. D. BEVERIDGE) GETS A GREAT LOAD OFF HIS MIND TO ANNE PEDERSDOTTER (MISS LILLAH McCARTHY) AND MARTIN (MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY).

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

dilemma that, if they did not prove their innocence by sinking and getting drowned, they were taken out and burned! Of course, Anne and the handsome stepson fall in love with one another, but the poor girl thinks that she fascinated him by witchcraft, though her mirror might have told her better. Her old husband, with enfeebled heart, dies of horror when she tells of her guilty love, and she believes that her "familiar" has slain him. So we are led up to the big scene in the cathedral, where she is denounced as a witch by her mother-in-law. Anne tries to purge herself by laying hands on the body of her dead husband and declaring her innocence, but she breaks down, confesses that she is a witch, and thereby gives herself to be burnt.

Perhaps it is smugly selfish to say there is a pleasure in seeing a work how fortunate we are to be out of range of such horrors in real life; yet, with some touch of cynicism, I may observe that, if less grossly superstitious in our day, the bulk of us are not much less foolishly credulous than our ancestors, though we are duped by other beliefs.

The Acting. The play, written in fine, simple English, has its humours as well as its tragedy; and there is a scene of argument among the Pastors quite fiercely comic. One of them, a dear old boy with a weakness for beer and a fond belief that you cannot have too much of a good thing, is rendered with rich humour, well restrained, by Mr. Arthur Whitby. Another, a cruel fanatic, is acted with such intensity by Mr. Baliol Holloway as to make one really believe in the awful, bloodthirsty, sincere monsters who, in the name of religion, caused tremendous agony to their fellow-creatures. Mr. J. D. Beveridge, as the old husband, gives a perfect, charming picture of the kindly, fervent creature who, in a moment of human weakness, spared Anne's mother because he loved her daughter. Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry, if somewhat ill-disciplined at times, played very well as the handsome stepson. The part of the denouncing mother-in-law is immensely im-



MONOCLE INSISTS UPON MY SEEING HIM
SAFELY HOME AFTER THIS PLAY.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



H. M. BATEMAN.

pressive in the hands of Miss Janet Achurch: how short seems the time since she would have played the Witch's part herself! At first Miss McCarthy, as Anne, appears rather stiff and formal. One has to think of the position of women in her time and their subservience to appreciate the truth of this. Later, when she glows under the influence of love, her work is of fascinating power: one is almost inclined to believe in her witchcraft when she "wills" the young man to come to her and "wills" the old

man to die. Her sudden breakdown at the end was horribly tragic. The stage-pictures are quite beautiful, and the beauty is achieved by simple means.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE WITCH."



OUR ARTIST, UNDER THE TANGO INFLUENCE, SEES A TANGO STEP IN THE LOVE-MAKING BETWEEN MARTIN (MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY) AND ANNE PEDERSDOTTER (MISS LILLAH McCARTHY), AND APOLOGISES ACCORDINGLY.

That finely eerie play, "The Witch," by H. Wiers-Jenssen, English version by John Masefield, is running at the St. James's. It is certainly a thing to see.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



IN THE GREAT WORLD

LORD BRASSEY.

THE Wardenship of the Cinque Ports has now passed into other hands—into the hands of a young man who will be as old as his predecessor before he knows as much about shipping. But Lord Brassey, though he claims to have left the Cinque Ports "to put into port on his own account," does not pass out of view. He is made of the stuff that endures. He is made of stuff that has endured for seventy-and-seven years. He was born with the first railway. Of his parentage he makes a record: "For myself, I am proud to know that I am the son of a contractor for public works, whose good reputation was the best part of the heritage which descended to his sons." When the first of English railways was in contemplation, Stephenson was shown over the Brassey works by their owner. On leaving Stephenson said: "Well, young man, there is something promising about you. I see a great field for railways. It would be well for you to follow my banner." The young man did, tendered for a portion of the Liverpool railway, and got it: during the construction of the first ten miles of that railway Lord Brassey was born.

A Name of Substance. The sequel is well known. "Here comes a man with brass on his face, brass on his tongue, brass in his pocket, and his name is Brassey," was the description—the first clause of which demands that one should have seen the tanned sailor recently returned from a scorching voyage—given by one of Lord Brassey's earliest opponents at the hustings. The tan has never been allowed to disappear; the brass has never given out.

The Imperialist. Lord Brassey has his museum, not, like most of us, in Bloomsbury or South Kensington, but where his house is, in Park Lane. Like all sailors, he comes home with, so to speak, a parrot and a handkerchief-ful of treasures. In Australia he found opals for Lady Brassey's hair, and a whole stock of properties for his glass cases. To the ordinary man some of Lord Brassey's exhibits may savour a little too much of the Imperial Institute. There is the mark of the British Possessions on most of his treasures; and his interest in things is essentially a Britisher's interest. Lord Brassey's style, as a writer, reminds one of his museum. It is constructed on a conscientious basis. That is to say, he is at no pains to be picturesque or lively. He breaks away from a description of a brig in bad weather to say the right thing about owners and insurance; and the right thing is like oil on the waters; it spoils the storm. At every foreign port his habit, when he arrives, is to make a dry survey of the commerce, population, character of the natives, elevation of surrounding hills, main buildings, and beauty of the view. Inasmuch as he is able to grasp the state and chances of shipping here, there, and everywhere, his observations are of considerable value, but for the rest he might have got his facts from the nearest gazetteer.

The Speeches. But Lord Brassey possesses something better than a picturesque pen. He has a master's certificate; he has the steady enthusiasm for the sea that carries him over three thousand six hundred nautical miles on one trip; and he has Captain Marryat in his cabin book-case to describe for him, in a very favourite passage, the delights of sailing in the Trade winds: "Flying fish rose in shoals, startled by the foaming seas, which rolled away and roared from the bows as our swift frigate cleaved through the water; the porpoises played about us in thousands; the bonetas and dolphins at one time chased the flying fish, and at others appeared to be delighted in keeping company with the flying vessel." In one regard, however, Marryat is of no use. On a hundred occasions at the hospitable tables of Colonial governors and corporations Lord Brassey has been called upon to make speeches. He has never shirked them, nor the serious questions of Empire and Labour that he has been asked to solve in more quarters of the globe than any man alive. His speeches remain as the models of their kind.



EX-LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS. EARL BRASSEY.

Earl Brassey recently resigned the position of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle, which he has held since 1908, and has been succeeded by Earl Beauchamp. Earl Brassey is a son of the late Mr. Thomas Brassey, the eminent railway contractor, and was born in 1836. He was M.P. (Liberal) for Devonport in 1865, and for Hastings from 1868 to 1886. He has been a Civil Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary to the Admiralty, and Chairman of the Opium Royal Commission. From 1893 to 1895 he was a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, and from 1895 to 1900 Governor of Victoria. In 1881 he received the K.C.B.; in 1886 he was raised to the Peerage as Baron Brassey, and in 1911 he was made an Earl. Lord Brassey has been twice married—first, in 1860, to Miss Anna Allnutt, who died in 1887; secondly, in 1890, to Lady Sybil de Vere Capell, youngest daughter of the late Viscount Malden. —[Photograph by Lambert Weston.]

said, after a pause: "I'm afraid I must say, 'Not at home,' your Lordship." "What do you mean?" queried Lord Brassey, still hesitating. "Well, then, if you will have it," came the answer, "I mean you are hout!"

The Master. His miniature experiences on board the *Sunbeam* have given him the clue to many of the difficulties of the labour question. As a good sailor he has the respect of his men; he has their respect, too, for owning a thoroughly serviceable and sporting yacht. She is sporting because she goes vast journeys; because she is a little boat that faces big waves. "Neither when lying to nor scudding has she ever shipped a green sea"; she can go round the world with a complement of no more than eighteen seamen and three stokers. Lord Brassey has never been a timid master. He believes with Browning that—

The honest earnest man must stand
and work,
Accepting servitude.

And he believes that most men, at the call, are honest and earnest. Thus he has taken on, in obscure foreign ports, men left behind by other vessels for insubordination, and found them excellent.

"Hout!" with the anxiety—the curb and curse of the conventional man—of doing exactly the right thing exactly right. Even to cricket he brings something of a sailor's happy-go-luckiness; and his tenacity at the wicket shows his zest for the bat. This tenacity, perhaps, was in the mind of the Normanhurst butler who, as umpire in one of Lord Brassey's most delightful stories, found it a very delicate matter to give a decision against his master. Lord Brassey had got his leg in front of a straight ball. "How is it?" yelled the field. The batsman turned a severe eye on James of the white coat, who

VISITORS FROM VIENNA; AND THEIR THREE CHILDREN.



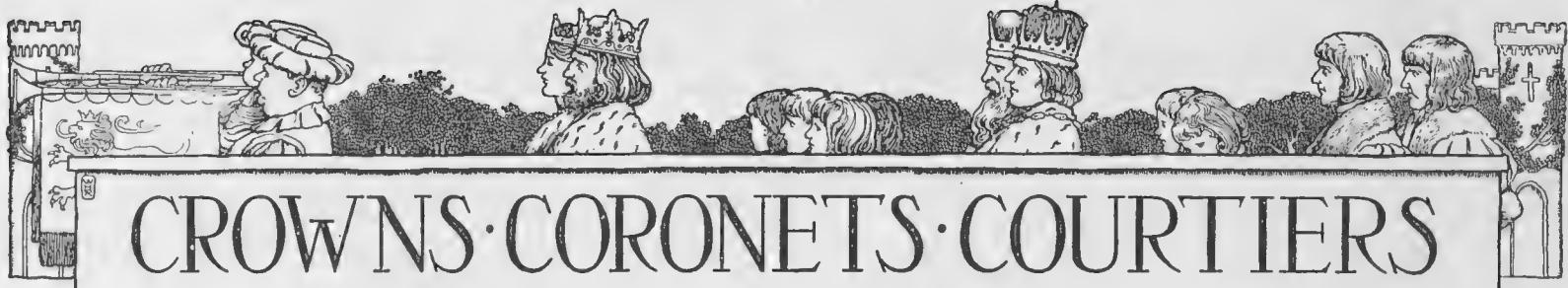
1. PRINCE ERNEST OF HOHENBERG (BORN ON MAY 27, 1904), YOUNGER SON OF THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND AND HIS CONSORT, THE DUCHESS OF HOHENBERG.
2. CONSORT OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR'S HEIR: THE DUCHESS OF HOHENBERG; NOW ON A VISIT TO THE KING AND QUEEN IN COMPANY WITH HER HUSBAND.

In 1900 the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, nephew of the Emperor Francis Joseph and his heir, married morganatically Sophie, Countess Chotek, later created Duchess

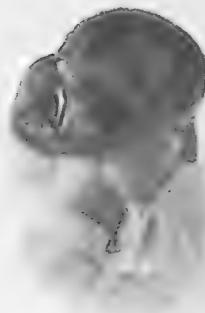
3. ELDER SON OF THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND: PRINCE MAXIMILIAN CHARLES OF HOHENBERG (BORN ON SEPT. 29, 1902).
4. ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND AND HIS CONSORT: PRINCESS SOPHIE OF HOHENBERG (BORN ON JULY 24, 1901).
5. VISITING THE KING AND QUEEN WITH HIS CONSORT: THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND, HEIR TO THE AUSTRIAN THRONE.

of Hohenberg. The marriage being morganatic, the Archduke's children are not in the line of succession; nor can his Consort occupy the Throne with him.

Photographs by Kosel.



CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS



TO MARRY MAJOR THE HON. ROBERT CARNEGIE ON NOV. 26: MISS VIOLET MABEL FRASER, OF REELICK. Miss Fraser is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Affleck Fraser, of Reelick, Inverness-shire.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Lady Glenconner have come back from Spain. And Spain, despite its bad roads and unambitious hotels, has been a delight.

Lord Peebles, and a Change. Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and the holder of other chilly honours in the North, Lord Glenconner has taken the only course open to him, and become a traveller. Even his sister, Mrs. Asquith, makes jokes about the dullness of Peebles; and Peebles was, and is, Lord Glenconner's starting-point. From Peebles he has taken the road for India and America, and penetrated far into the African landscape. After what sister Margot called a "*jeunesse orageuse* in Peebles," he has sought the jungle and the cathedrals. And Spain has been one of the happiest of his discoveries.

The Picturesque Group. Lady Glenconner has not as yet

taken any part in the preparations for the Picture Ball at the Albert Hall, but her family is hard at work. Tennants and Wyndhams and Charterises and Asquiths are all involved; the arrangements fell, to a great extent, into the hands of a famous group, which includes, besides these, the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Diana. Lady Diana and Mrs. Percy Wyndham are both, for the time being, immersed in Grecian costume; Mrs. Herbert Asquith belongs to the English "School," and has been wandering much among the Sir Joshuas in the National Gallery; and Mr. Guy Charteris, classed as a German, is fain to take the advice of Mr. J. J. Shannon and Mr. Lavery, who are, in some sort, the appointed artists of "The Group."

In the Dark. Devonshire Street, off Theobald's Road, is so full of children that one hardly sees the poets. They are there, nevertheless; and

TO MARRY MISS ENID M. ROBIN: MR. VICTOR A. BEAUFORT.

Mr. Beaufort, of the Devonshire Regiment, is the younger son of the late Major Francis Beaufort, R.A., and of Mrs. Beaufort, of Bovey Tracey.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MISS MARGARET CRAWLEY VINCENT: MR. DOUGLAS GARDEN DUFF.

Mr. Duff is the younger son of General Sir Beauchamp Duff, G.C.B., who was recently appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, and was Chief of Staff in India from 1906 to 1909 under Lord Kitchener.

Photograph by Swaine.

THE King of Spain goes, without any qualms of conscience, to Bordeaux for the slight operation on his ear. In England Royalty takes its chloroform at home, in order to conciliate the Faculty. The Duchess of Connaught, told that the specialist who of all specialists was the safest in dealing with such a case as hers practised in Paris, would not allow herself to be persuaded; and her faith in English surgeons had, as it happened, a most fortunate sequel. Now from Paris comes the news that Lady Carnarvon has just undergone an operation there for appendicitis. In her case, choice was difficult. Appendicitis breaks all rules of time and place, and upsets both patriotism and dinner-parties.

Lord Peebles, and a Change.

when Mr. Maurice Hewlett was due to read at the Poetry Bookshop last Tuesday, a little crowd of followers made its way through the hoops and marbles of the pavement into a darkened apartment behind the shop. The darkness, perhaps, is reasonable enough; if there are interesting and beautiful people in the audience, they are rendered harmless, and one must perforce give ear to the reader. Less reasonable is the silence during all the pauses and at the end of the performance. It is chilly. Perhaps this week Signor

Marinetti, a born rebel, will provoke his hearers into breaking Mr. Harold Munro's quiet rule, which, even when the lights are turned up, leaves the reader in the dark as to the impression he has made.

The Man in the Streets. Mr. James Mason, M.P., is now the owner of the largest

house in Bruton Street. The first new book that will take its place as a matter of course on his shelves is Lord Lytton's Life of the first Earl. Bruton Street has the Lytton ring. It was in Bruton Street that the money-lender of Bulwer's "My Novel" had his quarters, and the fictitious association still clings to the walls. But by some chance Lord Lytton himself never tried the street. He tried

nearly every other. In Baker Street, in Upper Seymour Street, in Berkeley Square, in Craven Hill, in St. James's Square, in Hertford Street, in the Albany, in Piccadilly, in Charles Street, in Bryanston Street, in Curzon Street, in St. James's Street, at 1, Park Lane, and later at 21, and in Grosvenor Square—in all of these he lived, but was never actually a neighbour of his own particular user.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN FOSTER THORNE, OF THE ROYAL SUFFOLK REGIMENT: MISS SYLVIA WALKER.

Miss Walker is the only child of the late Mr. Frank Walker, of Huddersfield, and of Mrs. Walker, of Brockton, Harrogate.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN J. A. L. CAMPBELL: MISS DOROTHY ROSALINDA BLACK.

Miss Black is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Black, of 38, Prince's Gate, and The Knipp, Chiddingfold, Surrey. Captain Campbell, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, is the eldest son of Mr. Colin Campbell, of Jura, Argyllshire.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

continued: "You're going to marry." She curtsied, and said, "Yes, Sire." Thereupon the Shah, looking closely at her before turning to Lady Wolff, observed, "C'est tard!" If a Persian fiancée had been presented to her, she might have said, "C'est tôt."



TO MARRY MISS VIOLET MABEL FRASER, OF REELICK, ON NOV. 26: MAJOR THE HON. ROBERT CARNEGIE. Major the Hon. Robert F. Carnegie, of Hillshead Estates, British East Africa, is a half-brother of the Earl of Southesk.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

house in Bruton Street. The first new book that will take its place as a matter of course on his shelves is



TO MARRY MR. VICTOR A. BEAUFORT: MISS ENID M. ROBIN.

Miss Robin is the twin daughter of the late Mr. Charles Janvrin Robin and of Mrs. Robin, of Steephill, Jersey.

Photograph by Swaine.

All's Well That Ends Well. Lady Wolff, to whom the King has granted a suite

of rooms in Hampton Court Palace, has had experience of Courts in Spain, in Turkey, and



TO MARRY MR. DOUGLAS GARDEN DUFF: MISS MARGARET CRAWLEY VINCENT.

Miss Vincent is the younger daughter of the late Mr. J. C. Vincent, Chancellor of the Diocese of Bangor, and of Mrs. Vincent, of 7, Argyll Mansions, Chelsea.

Photograph by Swaine.

GOLF WITH A FISHING-ROD: CASTS AS "DRIVES" AND "PUTTS."



1. BACK ACTION OF A LONG "DRIVE" (CAST).

3. A SHORT "APPROACH."

5. "PUTTING."

2. THE FINISH OF A LONG "DRIVE."

4. MR. MACKINLAY WITH HIS ROAD AND REEL

6. THE SPECIAL REEL USED.

A very remarkable match was played the other day on the Wellington (Shropshire) Links, a golfer using the customary clubs and ball playing an angler casting a weight. The golfer, Mr. Rupert May, went round in 87 strokes; the angler, Mr. J. Mackinlay, in 102 casts. This for eighteen holes on a course 5560 yards long. Mr. Mackinlay was on all the greens in 77 casts. It was his "putting" which

made his score high. His rod was specially made for him; the reel is his own invention. Several of his casts were over 100 yards; and at the eighteenth, which is 465 yards long, he made one cast of 112 yards and was dead in five casts. The lead, or "bait," used weighed two and a half ounces. The breaking-strain of the line was eight pounds.—[Photographs by Mason.]



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

IT has been pointed out to me that in my little indictment of the Paris correspondents last week I wrote as if, with one or two exceptions, no one of them ever gave us any news at all save political, criminal, or of railway accidents. I didn't mean to do that. I know, for instance, that the *Evening Standard* publishes from time to time interesting and useful accounts of the new plays. My complaint there is that it isn't done regularly, and my contention, that it would be very well worth the paper's while—since it has a "live wire" of a correspondent—to have a Paris letter every other day and to print it always in the same corner of the paper. Even those of us who never go to Paris would like to read it.

Then the *Times* used at one time to send Mr. Walkley over to Paris for the more important *premieres*. The result was rather a joy. I fancy we don't get it now. It was a very great pull to know about the immediate French drama in the terms of the English critic, to read columns in which the two theatres, the French and the English, were, at least by inference, weighed and compared. It is, of course and however, possible that the pundits do not think there is nowadays sufficient of a French theatre to make the game worth the candle. Certainly most of the plays I've seen myself in the last year or two suggested that their writers put timeliness above the arts. Opportunism seems to be the keynote of the French manager. (It's something, of course: one cannot help doubting whether his English *confrère* would ever know what was opportune.) People are interested in a particular star of the half-world or of the music-hall. Write a play for her. The money that ought to be in theatrical coffers is being spent on the heights round the Sacré Coeur. Quite simple. Bring the Butte into the theatre. And we have "Montmartre" at the Vandeville with Polaire in the chief rôle. Now at the same theatre we have "Le Phalène," an exploitation of the mood that makes the drug habit. But the opportunist isn't likely to be much of an artist.

And here is another idea which, if it were carried out, would help the English visitor. Most of the theatres print in their elaborate programmes a fairly elaborate synopsis of the play. But they print it in French. Why? The French people present do not, one may suppose, find any difficulty in making out what is said on

wouldn't cost the equivalent of the salary of one of that row of elaborately dressed gentlemen who fiddle about with one's ticket when one arrives as if the sight of a visitor who had actually paid for his seat was too much for their self-possession. Personally, that row of jacks-in-office has so disconcerting an effect on my spirits that, followed as it is by the appearance of a row of ancient ladies in exiguous lace caps—the spouses, I suppose, of the gentlemen who sit at the entrance—I am always inclined to drop the theatre and to spend my evening among the Earl's Court delights of the Magic City. There one can see young Montmartre dancing the Brazilian Mattchiche or the Tango with the proper Gallic spirit. One might have been bored at the theatre.

The Paris edition of the *Daily Mail* does something a little vaguely to lift the veil that stands between the Englishman and what he wants to know. At least it provides its readers with an "Information Bureau." But somehow I cannot quite see myself—so self-conscious a creature is man—making inquiry of its no doubt exceedingly competent staff. And I wonder whether it would be able to answer without undue delay the questions that, once within its doors, I should want to ask. Could it tell me where, apart from the Bar Fysher, I can hear Frehel sing—Frehel who at her best should have had the fame of Yvette Guilbert (alas! that I use the past tense)? Or, now that Frédéric is dead, whether the Tour d'Argent is being carried on as an affair of commerce or as an art? Or, at what hour the Palais de Glace will be most crowded and most amusing? Or, what happy painter occupies that gorgeous studio and house which on the flank of Montmartre protects the diners at Le Coucou from the southern wind (it should be Steinlen or Willette, but I expect it is someone far more academic and far less interesting)? Or, the exact relations and geographical positions of the five surprising brothers Volterra?

Very humbly I wish to suggest to Mr. Norman Angell—I hope I am not wrong in believing that he does control the Paris end of Lord Northcliffe's enterprise—that, if as I suppose he has sufficiently convinced all the important publicists of Europe that war is now impossible, he should turn his attention to showing the French theatres and French houses of refreshment, whether mental or culinary, how to advertise if they wish to catch the Anglo-Saxon visitor. It is true that one does get in the pages of his journal just a little more information in the way of theatrical advertisements than the French papers supply—a very little: one learns the telephone numbers of the theatres! But what I want to know is where they are, who their plays are by, and who is playing in them—all pieces of information that one can only get at a Bureau de Location, where too one can get charged several francs extra on every seat one takes!



ENGAGED TO A NAVAL FLYING OFFICER: MISS PHYLLIS DESMOND, OF THE GAIETY, WHO IS TO MARRY LIEUTENANT CHARLES R. FINCH NOYES.

Miss Phyllis Desmond, of the Gaiety Theatre, is to be married this month to Lieutenant Charles Robert Finch Noyes, of the Naval Wing of the Royal Flying Corps, Eastchurch. Miss Desmond, who is nineteen, first appeared at the Gaiety in "The Sunshine Girl," and later became one of the six pretty typists in "The Girl on the Film." She is the daughter of an artillery officer. Lieutenant Finch Noyes, who is in his twenty-eighth year, first met his future bride at Portsmouth.

Photograph by C.N.



EIGHT YEARS OLD, BUT ALREADY OWNER OF A HOUSE WHICH SHE HAS BOUGHT FOR £100 OUT OF THREE SEASONS' EARNINGS: EVA ESMOND (KNOWN AS BABY ESMOND).

A correspondent in New York writes: "I send you a portrait of Baby Esmond, who is eight years of age and is appearing in 'The Fight' in New York. She has bought a house, at Long Branch, N.J., paying £100 for it out of her own earnings during the past three seasons!"—[Photograph by White.]

the stage. To read the argument beforehand would be to detract from their pleasure. But the Englishman who isn't able to follow the French with certainty would be enormously helped by an argument—if it were printed in English, and if (and this is important) it were written by an Englishman. Try it, Messieurs. It

When Science Creates! Recipes for the Biological Frankenstein.



WHAT WE WANT FROM THE LABORATORY. No. I.—MORE THINGS TO SHOOT AT.

Science, some say, can make living creatures. The world is rather overcrowded as it is, so we suggest that those concerned restrict themselves to the construction of beings that might really be useful. Our Artist offers some helpful hints, and others will follow later.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDY.



THE SPHINX IN THE GREY SHAWL.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

"CARMEN," not the Carmen you applaud at Covent Garden or the Opera, not the artificially vivid and vivacious Carmen with the abundant bodice and redundant voice, but such as Bizet dreamt her, such as Théophile Gautier sang her, Goya painted her—in the far room of the Grafton Galleries, there hangs Carmen, sallow, sullen, and sinister. Sometimes, when reading a book or a story, you feel irritated at the illustrations therein; you feel your conception of the heroine or of the hero is shattered by that of the artist, that his translation is treason to the author and to yourself. Then, again, the title and explanatory notes of some pictures annoy you acutely. They are inadequate or misleading; they leave you puzzled and angry, with your curiosity unsatisfied and your interest still athirst. That was my sensation as I stood before the portrait of "A Spanish Lady," by Goya, she whom I called "Carmen," but who was of a certainty "Dolores." "A Spanish Lady," nothing more. Who was she—or, rather, what was she thinking while Goya painted her? Sad thoughts, and—I cannot help believing, cruel thoughts. What drama was behind her dream? Against whom or what the dull but deadly rebellion that lies in her heavy eyes? Has he been unfaithful, or has the dressmaker proved as disappointing as—a dressmaker? Has he been seen screen-ading in the blue night under another's window, or was the yellow-satin dress that was to have made a sensation at the last bull-fight a misfit? Whoever you are, offender, beware! It is not a melancholy torpor that renders Carmen's gaze so fearsome and fascinating; it is a slow, smouldering wrath. Whoever evoked fondly phials containing mysterious death, whoever planned exquisite torments and the coming of a luscious vengeance, must have looked as that woman in the grey shawl looked while Goya painted her. She is not beautiful. How could she be?—being as real as Life itself, with coarse black hair blown roughly over her forehead, as if she had tried to disperse the hot ashes of thought under the wind, cooling and clean. She has no coquetry. Her shawl is grey, she chose it so. Patience! She will flaunt her red shawl one day—red and glorious like the cape of the matador in the arena, like the sun when the day is complete and night welcome; red like the pomegranate, her favourite fruit; she eats slowly, grain by grain, slowly as she says her beads, incessantly, doggedly, forcing the Holy Madonna by so much fervent tenacity to grant her *the* day—that day when she will wear once more her red shawl—red like. . . . Slowness is the source of a sure and perfect vengeance, and meanwhile Carmen has no coquetry—not even the facile coquetry of a smile. She lets herself appear as

she is; there is no will to please either in her pose or expression. When this happens to a woman, God and the Saints help her! She is on the slippery rock of despair, with the tide of tragedy lapping its way around her inexorably.

There are three women portraits by Goya in the same room at the Exhibition of Old Spanish Masters; one of them, I have been told, has just been sold for a fabulous sum of money. Do not ask me how much: I never could count in English money. It is sometimes a loss to me, but not so often as one would think. For, though I am unable to check the change I receive, I have acquired a look of feigned suspicion when staring at the coins in the palm of my hand, so that numberless times another piece of money is added unto it by my would-be cheater, which illustrates the advisability, when you are not intelligent, to assume an intelligent expression! But where was I? Ah, yes, the three Goya women. Well, I do not know which of the three has the greatest value from the buyer point of view, but well do I know that, after looking at the Sphinx in the grey shawl, the dear, motherly face of the "Lady in Black" and the naïve portrait of the Duchess d'Alba are gripless. Poor *précieuse* Duchess, silly and skimpy, and looking for all the world as if you had been cut out of cardboard: methinks the love and inspiration had both had their wings clipped cruelly short when Goya the lover and Goya the artist painted his noble lady-love. It is sad to be a great



AT HIS FIRST MEET: VISCOUNT MILTON, HEIR OF EARL FITZWILLIAM.

Viscount Milton was born on Dec. 31, 1910. His mother is the younger daughter of the Marquess of Zetland. There are two Earl Fitzwilliam Packs of Foxhounds, the Grove and the Wentworth—neither to be confused with the Fitzwilliam—and the Earl is Master of both. Little Lord Milton is here seen at a meet of the Wentworth.—[Photograph by Scrivens.]

lady—when one is a woman in love. One is never sure—one is still less sure, I mean.

Poor Duchess! Her frills and flowing locks, her red ribbons and superior mien, and her disagreeable dignity—what do they avail her by the side of the strange and ugly woman in the Grey Shawl, so still and yet so fierce, with her drugged-like dreadfulness, such as a snake digesting?

Had Théophile Gautier seen her when he wrote—

Carmen est maigre, un trait de bistro
Cerne son oeil de Gitana.
Ses cheveux sont d'un noir sinistre
Sa peau le diable la tanna.

Les femmes disent qu'elle est laide
Mais tous les hommes en sont fous
Et l'Archevêque de Tolède
Chante la messe à ses genoux!

We only see her head and her bust, but we feel—we know—that her right hand, lean and implacable, is toying with the poniard in her garter! Brrr!

AT A BY-BYE ELECTION!



THE HECKLER (*to most smooth-faced Candidate*): Does yer muvver know yer aht?
THE CANDIDATE: Yes—and she told me to stay out until I was in.



DID ROBESPIERRE EVER LOVE? AN UNANSWERABLE QUESTION.*

"Loves" Supplied "Robespierre and the Women He Loved" were better titled "Robespierre and the by Rumour. Women He May (or Might) Have Loved," for it demonstrates, above all else, that the Incorruptible, if a rare wanderer across the frontier line between the Empire of Eros and the Kingdom of Celibacy, at least sacrificed natural inclinations on the altar he set up to the god he called his Duty. Yet he was a



THE KING AS OWNER OF 'CHASERS: MR. P. WHITAKER, WHO IS TO TAKE CHARGE OF HIS MAJESTY'S STEEPLECHASES; WITH MRS. WHITAKER.

It is announced that the King has decided to take a personal interest in steeplechasing and is collecting a small stud, which will be placed under the care of Mr. P. Whitaker, the well-known cross-country trainer, at Royston.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

man much sought by daughters of Eve. He was a poet, he was presentable, he was eloquent—he was Power. In that period which the author calls his sentimental and amorous youth, he wrote very gracefully of and to women; he was gallant, but it is questionable whether he loved. He was the Robespierre of the Rosati, who toasted "in foaming wine and short verse the fame of Chapelle, La Fontaine, and Chaulieu," with the rose as queen of their meetings; he dedicated verses to "the young maidens of Arras" and wove madrigals: that is all. Yet, of course, Dame Gossip busied herself with him, especially when, like Sir Peter, he left his character behind him. And what did her many-edged tongue tell? Rumour on rumour, the veiled hint, and little more, gave her material for her structure of many stories. Suzanne Forber, the dressmaker, was his mistress; Éléonore Duplay, to whom he was "Bon Ami," was much more; he aspired to the hand of Mme. Royale, daughter of Louis XVI.; he had betrayed Cécile Renault, who was arrested when calling at his lodgings with two little knives in her pocket; and so on.

Did Robespierre Ever Love? Did he ever love? Who can tell? There seems no reason to doubt that he had his thoughts of marriage. He was a frequent visitor at the house of Robert Deshorties, notary of Arras, whose daughter Anaïs "was dowered with all the grace and seductive attractions of youth." Says our author: "It was not long before the inevitable idyll with Anaïs came about. According to Charlotte [his sister], he loved and was loved by her; but, according to the police report unearthed by M. Peuchet, Anaïs was a precious little jade." The fact remains that he did not marry, although, of course, this does not imply that marriage was not discussed. Then there is the affair of Adèle. "That Robespierre needed friendly intimacy is clearly evident at this period. Friend of Camille Desmoulins, by the grace of the Parisians Procurator-General of the Lanterne, he was received by Lucile's mother. Lucile left this domestic and cordial circle to follow her beloved Camille, bequeathing her smile to her young sister Adèle. Why should not Robespierre be as happy as Camille? Was he in love with Adèle? It is possible; in any case, marriage was spoken of. Robespierre brother-in-law to Camille! Who knows whether, in that case, so much blood would

* "Robespierre and the Women He Loved." By Hector Fleischmann. Authorised Translation by Dr. Angelo S. Rapoport. With Photogravure and Nineteen other Portraits. (John Long; 12s. ed. net.)

have been spilt in the holocaust of 16 Germinal? . . . We see Robespierre tempted to seek at the Duplessis' the domestic atmosphere of Arras, to yield to the tenderness of his heart, to talk of marriage—which he was free to do since Anaïs Deshorties was married—to dream of a home life always denied him. He will ever be the guest of strangers, whether at the house of Desmoulins' mother-in-law or at Duplay's. His political career will for ever stand between him and wife and child; he must live alone, die alone."

The Lady of the Rue de Saintonge. The story of the mysterious Lady of the Rue de Saintonge is different. "At Versailles, where the States General opened . . . Robespierre took up his residence . . . at the Hôtel du Renard. . . . When the Assembly met at Paris, he rented a very modest room in No. 9, Rue de Saintonge, in the parish of Saint-Louis-sur-l'Île. . . . He lived in a very simple way. . . . In such a life what place had love? Villiers is the only one to throw some light on the matter. 'Robespierre,' he writes, 'was of an ardent nature, which he never ceased to fight against. . . . I never knew him to have relations with any but one, a woman, of about six-and-twenty, who idolised him, and whom he treated more or less badly.' . . . Who was she, this unknown lady of the Rue de Saintonge? . . . All we know is that he paid her. Villiers says: 'He gave her a fourth of his fees. Half of the remainder was sent by me to the address of a sister of his at Arras, whom he greatly loved; the other was devoted to household details."

Women Who Were Devotees. So it remains an eternal question whether Robespierre ever loved; and this, as we have already indicated, despite the attraction he had for women. "Never was a man so surrounded by devotees as this man, who had apparently done away with love—at least, as far as he himself was concerned. On those days when he was speaking at the Convention the galleries were full, and the feminine element predominated. It was just the same when Maximilian answered Louvet—that Louvet who had risen to exclaim: 'Robespierre, I accuse you!' Such a storm of feminine applause greeted the peroration of Maximilian's speech that Rabaud Saint-Etienne said in



STILL SMILING IN THE MIDST OF HIS LAND CAMPAIGN: MR. LLOYD GEORGE; WITH MRS. LLOYD GEORGE AND SIR WALTER RUNCIMAN, AT FERNWOOD HOUSE, JESMOND.

Mr. Lloyd George spent the week-end after the third meeting of his land campaign, at Middlesbrough, at the Newcastle-on-Tyne residence of Sir Walter Runciman. Sir Walter, the first Baronet, is a ship-owner, and an original member of the Merchant Shipping Advisory Committee of the Board of Trade, and has been President of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom. He has written various works, including "Windjammers and Sea Tramps," "The Shellback's Progress," and "The Tragedy of St. Helena." The Right Hon. Walter Runciman, P.C., M.P., who became President of the Board of Agriculture in 1911, is his only son.—[Photograph by C.N.]

leaving the meeting: "What a man this Robespierre is, with all his women! He is a priest who wishes to be God." And are there not the tribute-paying letters of many women? Such are some quotations from a curious book, which treats of a question it is seemingly impossible to answer, and, it may be said safely, will find many to appreciate it.

SO LIKELY!



1913 Germany

THE POLICEMAN: Where are you going at this time of night?

THE WANDERER: I 'm—hic—going to a lecture.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE THIRD SPRING.

By CARL R. FALLAS.

BREATHING once of this evening softness, you know how the petals of flowers get their bloom. Like every luxury, it has its danger.

But Matsuo was not in that locality of lights—and colour—and music, for amusement. And if his eye penetrated the tall gratings, it rested only a second on any face. A youth the same age in dark, free kimono, among the stream of others gazing attentively within, bumped against him. Neither noticed it.

A beautiful figure in fawn silk embroidered with birds over a cornfield, having doubtless seen Matsuo pass by several times that evening, came from her place below a radiant lantern, though she could see his glance seeking someone not there. Striking a match, and giving one sure puff to the fine tobacco, she presented a chased-metal mouth-piece through the bars.

"Pleasant-faced young man—ah!"

Matsuo's kimono sleeve had given a little fling as he turned away.

From the remote interior of the great house—from the others, too, forming the maze of streets in this wondrous night-land—he could hear the delicate vibrations of the *koto* accompanying the cherry dances. At this season all the geishas were celebrating a pink countryside.

Matsuo had before him a long walk. But though he could have eaten, it did not once occur to him to call at one of the corner houses where food was to be obtained. On the terraces he could see those who had come hither to make merry, awaited in line outside by the sandalled ricksha coolies, perspiration streaming from their brown-skinned bodies with the run from town, and some asleep already in the mild air on the shafts of their little vehicles. Other rickshas still trooped in below the massive archway aglow from its pair of globes at the entrance to this dazzling zone. Each patrolling gendarme in turn took stock of the arrivals, concealing beneath an impassive face resentment that some of them were white men.

Matsuo could not dispel the scene from his mind. But because of all the lights he had now left behind, the lanes with their blossom, the narrow paths through the orchard fields of early fruit, seemed all the darker to his outward eye, despite the stars. Then his mind jumped to Takeo—Takeo's debt—Takeo's three daughters. How much rebate on that debt did the eldest represent? She was tall and elegant. Her name meant pine-trees. But the youngest was worth more than the whole sum twice over. Gin San—the lovely!

"Never!" exclaimed the lonely walker, scrunching the earth with his wooden clogs. He flung a laugh up to the clouds flying below the rim of the moon. "Ha! She is safe by two seasons." For an idea of injustice in men's ways there was no place in Matsuo's brain.

Presently, coming to the side of a pond, and wishing to give to his feet a coolness such as the night breeze brought to his face, he kicked off his shoes and allowed his soles to dip in the water. So pleasant was it, he threw off his kimono and sprang in and swam about for ten minutes. It washed away all thoughts, and left in his heart a sense of emotional ease. Down the lane of his village the field-crickets chirped confidently. His soft withdrawal of the shutter of his low, tiled home scarcely added to the sound. Not to disturb anyone, he as softly took his bedding from the cupboard, and at once stretched himself out upon it to sleep.

But . . . he raised himself up. Surely he was dreaming!

"Did you see her, Matsuo?"

" . . . Matsuo?" whisperingly repeated the second peeping head from the half-withdrawn shutter. At that hour! How he blamed himself for not having let them know. He had forgotten to give them his bird whistle.

Outside, approaching footsteps frightened him for their sakes. Still resting on his elbow, he shook his head negatively, and the pair vanished.

"Nan-deska?" ("What is this?") said a steady voice in the lane.

Matsuo, through his round porthole window, could see the gendarme in white, his convicting silver watch in hand. Then the pleasant voice of the elder girl—

"Gendarme San, we came out to ask our friend Matsuo about our sister, who has been sent . . . who has gone to . . ."

From their smiles, their curtseys, they might have been giving the most delightful information. Yet the man knew those smiles concealed timidity.

"Go . . . go home quickly," he said, writing in his book; but before they turned he mentioned with personal curiosity the name of the girl who had gone away.

"Gendarme San, he did not see her. Not all the evening," they replied together.

Of course not. The officer might have guessed so much. She was as slim as a faun. As for Takeo and his affairs, they had been for months past on everybody's tongue. What a beauty little Gin would be, soon! He surmised she could not yet be more than fourteen. The officer paced back up the lane, slowly. Quite likely he speculated upon what he would have done if he had loved anyone as, it was said, Matsuo loved this youngest sister. He continued to walk about until a red mist over Fuji's cap of snow gave the first sign of morning, then went into his box and waited to be relieved, at the very moment when Gin was dreaming that in some far place whither she had been sent she was dressed in robes of inconceivable richness and was offering a cup of green tea to Matsuo, whose out-reaching hand was held back by someone else who took the cup . . . and Matsuo no longer called her Little Gin, but O Gin San, in a cold, ordinary tone.

Presently it was the season of great rain. Sometimes a ricksha would clatter by, throwing up mud from its wheels; but everyone mostly splashed through the puddles in high clogs of plain white wood, beneath great coloured-paper parasols with thin wooden frames. The two girls went to school, and learned music and drawing and other refinements. But Takeo told his wife to watch over them very closely, since no neighbouring suitor would have enough fortune to help him out of the hole he was in. Indeed, though the gardens there yielded peaches and grapes, and each little house boasted its white cane matting, a low table, bran-stuffed cushions to sit on, a green plant half-hiding a pretty panel in the sacred recess, and was spotless and hospitably warm with its pretty mistress beside her charcoal-stove . . . though all this breathed comfort and ostensible content, some of the busy villagers could scarcely afford pure rice to eat. Tiny raw fish from the streams or the more distant coast were a delicacy rarely dreamt of.

Now it is the hot weather, with lower shoes and gaudier kimonos, and the same big parasols to keep off the sun. So time passes, and everyone notices how much oftener a certain wizened little fellow, carrying a giant umbrella of many colours, crosses the stones of the brook and climbs up to Takeo's house on the hill. And the gossips imagine and spread abroad what takes place in that house . . . how Takeo squats at one side of the table facing his visitor and never lifting an eye, both men fingering their hot little sake bowls, which are replenished endlessly by an obedient, timid hostess, who has even more than the grace, if not quite the beauty, of her daughters.

And Takeo's hundred excuses are futile. The spider has woven too many threads.

"It is useless. I shall throw you into prison," the little man, no longer placable, declares.

"Wait," Takeo says, drooping his head lower.

"Until when?"

He gives a date—the birthday of his second daughter.

Thus, whilst autumn with its blooms, and winter with its cold, its pure, nipping air, drags on for harassed Takeo, to the two girls no sooner are the chrysanthemums in bud than their petals are falling, no sooner have the frosts arrived than everything is melting into spring.

[Continued overleaf.]

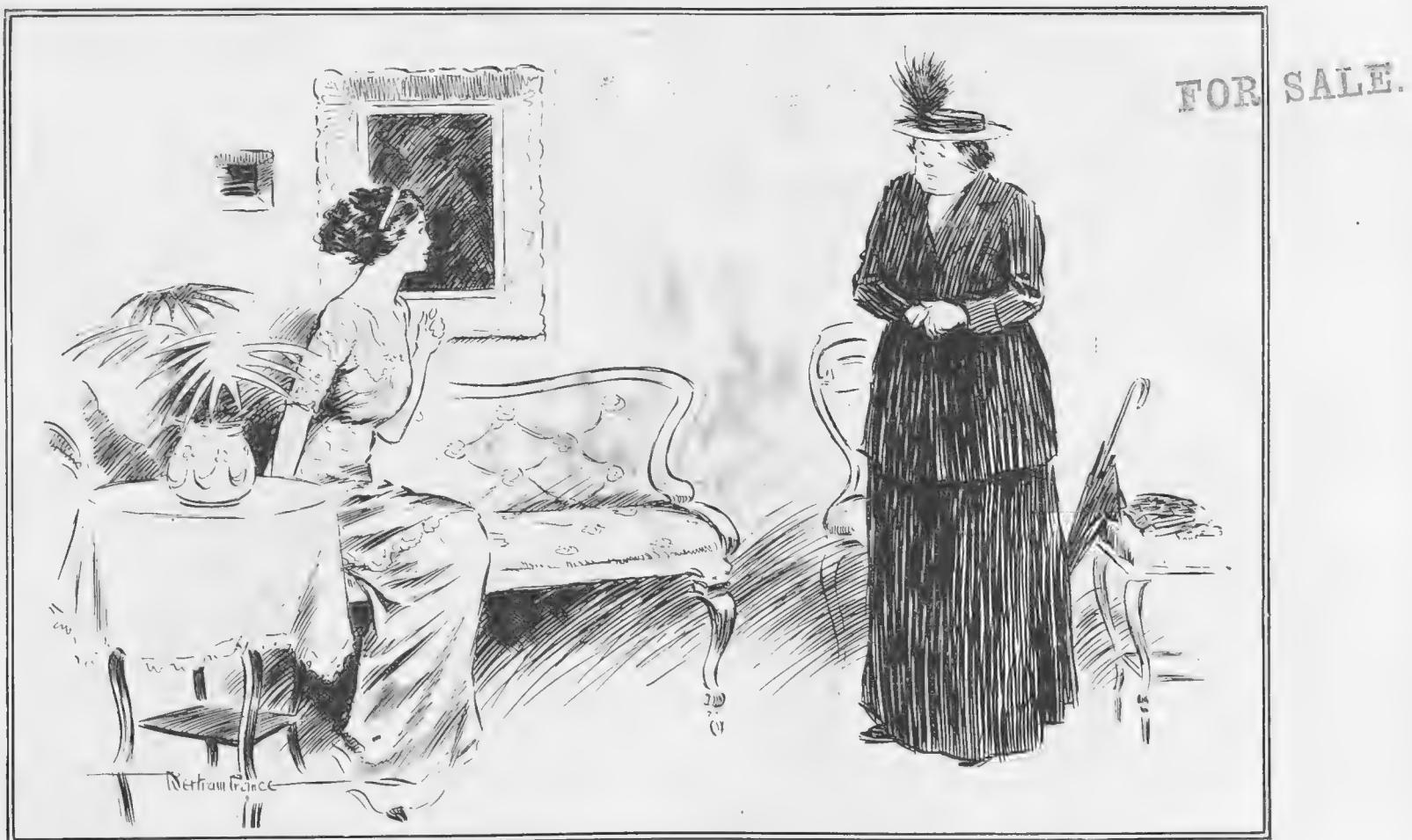
TENSE MOMENTS.



THE BRIDE: I want to thank you so much for that beautiful present.

HER MARRIED FRIEND: Say no more, my dear: it was a mere trifle.

THE BRIDE: Well, I didn't think so when I gave it to *you* at *your* marriage.



MRS. NEWLYWED (to Cook, whom she has just engaged): You see, my husband is so very particular about his food.

COOK (sympathetically): They're all alike, Mum. My old man was jest the same: I never cooked anything to please 'im in me life.

And presently the neighbours notice that it is only Gin who daily crosses the brook, over her kimono her middle-school smock . . . to learn music and drawing, a little English, a few other refinements.

"Takeo manages to find money for that," comments one tattler.

"Yes, he believes in keeping up values," another laughs ironically.

"Aha! Of course. But surely he will never part with *her*?"

"Yes, and with others too, if he had them."

"Well . . . he still has a youthful wife, you know," adds the first peasant lightly. "Myself, I can never tell which looks the younger—she or her daughters."

"Nay! Come! Surely you remember the story of the goose and the egg of gold," concludes the second, with a louder laugh than ever, as he steps off the stones.

At first Gin missed her second sister very much, and wept secretly for one sight of her; and would voluntarily have shared her lot. Then her imagination depicted weird scenes in a city where night was day. Growing frightened, she sought reassurance far down the stream at a clandestine meeting with Matsuo, who, touching no more than her fingers, reminded her that she was too young . . . safe by a season! Besides, there was always one alternative. Together they looked at the beautiful flowing water, with its skirt of cherry-trees in bud. The tips of his fingers touched her broad purple sash. Perhaps, for a second, they responded to a single thought—an emotion he feared exquisitely to entertain further. Gin San's eyes may have half-lifted to his, when a field-rat ran by.

"It is a bad omen. Let us go, Matsuo."

To please her, he made again the journey of the previous year, walking all night—fruitlessly, as then, except for a sight of the eldest sister . . . her lips carmine now.

On the return, foot-weary, mind in a ferment, he sprang into the same pond and swam until his feverish reflections were washed away and the surface of his body glowed from blood at highest pressure.

An idea flashed into his brain. Tomorrow he would invite a friend to a tea-house . . . this friend would seek out a friend of Takeo's . . . these two would convey a small tub of saké and as fine silks as he could afford . . . the offerings of betrothal. Who could tell what an eloquent plea, joined with many promises, might not bring? His step became more elastic as a picture of bliss evolved in his fancy. What a pretty cottage that was on the edge of the village! The old people in it . . . perhaps they would not last long. Then, his first year of military service done . . .

Quite clearly, Matsuo did not perceive that strange ideas can enter a soul fatigued.

The outcome of all this was an ironical invitation to the rash suitor to share a tub of saké.

Dreadful Takeo!

Over the land again came the rains, the hot weather, the chrysanthemums. The fisher-folk swim in the bays, the country villagers in streams, canals; the little children, wearing butterfly kimonos, hatless, barefoot, paddle in shallow water or play on the shady side of the streets. Penitent pilgrims sweat up the mountain to propitiate their gods. Never was a harvest so fine, a people with eyes so fixed on the future.

But Matsuo had gone with the last recruits.

A decrepit, wizened figure, with large umbrella spread above his head, crosses the brook and climbs the hill. Children run from him. Mothers peep after him from their doorways. It is to press for the last instalment . . . for Takeo's final drop of blood.

And suddenly, for a young conscript far away, the days began to leap after each other. The ground became barren after the crops, there were hoar-frost patterns of spiders' webs on the hedges. The shortest day sped by. Time added up like drops of rain . . . or the flakes of snow on Fuji. Snow . . . ah! Matsuo, on sentry-go at the fortifications at night, watched the sparkling cone of the mountain lit by the moon, to be sure it was still not thawing . . . as if that helped him. He whispered to Buddha. Then, as the earth softened and swelled with renewed fertility, as the stiff branches of the pines relaxed and bent with the running sap, whilst one night he slept, the busy little god O Shaka San visited him and told him to go once more and swim in the old pond.

It was an omen.

Matsuo, a patrol equal to an outpost in war-time, left his post. Until morning, until next evening, he walked in his kimono and clogs. Haggard, he came to the water and swam in it. Then on to the archway and beneath its two lights, observed by every gendarme. He lurched into the ricksha coolies and trod on their feet; he jostled against pleasure-seekers, and forgot the courtesy of his race. Scarcely able to see, he found those same bars. Gin, compelled to respond to the first admirer, had given with a charm dreadful to see . . . one sure puff to her little metal pipe, and was timidly poking it through the grating. Matsuo's hand intercepted . . . and, the pipe in his fingers, he stumbled to the pavement. He heard merriment, but not he was its victim. The ironic crowd watched the dusty figure of the newcomer get up and go quietly round to the door. A girl's lover, perhaps. The idea pleased them. . . . Open romance here in this city of night!

Towards morning, a military squad passed in beneath the archway. When, some time later, it left, Matsuo tottered in the centre—careless, now.

And Gin continued to be a dutiful daughter of her people; but when her carmine lips smiled, she knew that the spirit of Matsuo hovered above her, and that some day hers would be with it again.

THE END.



TAKING IT LYING DOWN.

BARMAID: No, I can't serve you: you've had enough already.

TOPER: Thash perfectly right, me dear; but tishn't for me—ish for another gen'leman.

BARMAID: But where is he?

TOPER: Lying on the pavement outshide.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



ON THE LINKS

VICES AND VIRTUES OF GOLF ARCHITECTURE: THE DANGER OF THE DEAD LEVEL.

Architects at Work.

When the worms come up again on the inland courses, when the University teams are busy once more, when the length is cut off our drives

by the heavy turf, and when, as a matter of joy, we can pitch deadly to the hole, then—which is now—the architects of courses give themselves to consider deeply not only how new links may best be fashioned, but how old ones may be improved according to their increased experience and latest theories. They are at it now, all of them, very vigorously and effectively. In most places they are being approved, in many applauded, in a few they are being discountenanced. It is, perhaps, very well that here and there a note of warning should be sounded against their newest and most advanced ideas, as it has been lately and in previous seasons. Architects have come forward to reconstruct old courses, and have recommended revolutionary changes. Then the members of the clubs have said point-blank that they would have none of them, but, whether they are good or bad, they would prefer to play the old holes as they had played them many times before. This is excellent spirit, and it is very good indeed for the game and all that belongs to it. Certainly the designers are going very far indeed in their schemes for improvement in these days. Nature limits them in many cases, but they are going further and further in their attacks upon her; and whether they realise and admit it or not—they would almost certainly deny it—their most logical ultimate achievement, their unconfessed ideal of perfection, is the absolutely flat course, with not a mark of Nature upon it—only some gaping wounds here and there, and everything as dull as only levelness can make it. Strong antidotes are needed to check this tendency, and I sometimes think it would be a good thing if the golf world subscribed to pay the expenses of a congress of architects to be held alongside the Cliff hole at Biarritz, for that hole is unique in that it has all the worst faults of all the bad holes in the world, and yet it is one of the most enjoyable and really thrilling holes in existence to play. I spent some happy days playing this and the others in the Biarritz group last spring, and I pray piously for more. The golfer who has not driven at the Cliff hole at Biarritz, and has not sipped the nectar of emancipation from all regular golf law and order by being allowed to play another ball from the tee because his first one does not reach the green—being at the edge of the cliff—indeed this poor person has not lived.

The Raid on Blind Holes.

They will not have them anywhere: they are an abomination to them. One feels that when an architect

of the new and “classy” school sees a blind hole his temperature rises. And yet the truth is that, with the average golfer, the blind hole is the most popular of all. It has all the elements of sport, adventure, speculation, and drama in it, and the “A. G.” likes it immensely and looks forward to it in a round as to no other. He may be wrong, he may be flouting science; but his worldly argument is that he is out for the fun of the thing, and that golf was made for him, and not he for golf—so there! Also he urges—and I sympathise with him—that blind holes are infinitely better than the high authorities will admit; that they need as much skill as any others, and more than most; that a man to play a blind hole properly must have that skill, plus complete knowledge, plus marvellous cunning. There is less luck about blind holes than is made out, and the argument of some people that the bottom of the pin should always be in full view from the place where the shot is played is discounted by the circumstance that the player always knows, or should know, where that pin is, and has it properly placed in his mind’s eye; while, on the other hand, at the moment of playing the shot the real physical eyes are on the ball, or ought to be, and not ahead in the direction of the distant pin.



WHERE GEORGIE CEASES TROUBLING AND BONAR IS AT REST!
MR. BONAR LAW GOLFING AT NEWBIGGIN.

Photograph by Topical.

and in many cases are being duly executed. I was down at Deal the other day, and found that, in spite of one bad failure to convert the famous Sandy Parlour from blindness to full sight, they are pottering about with the hole again, and are making a new green up above the present one. At least one other famous short blind hole is being talked of as likely to die soon. But how is it that, in spite of everything, nobody ever dares to suggest the murder of two of the worst—and at the same time most popular—blind short holes on historic championship courses? I mean the Alps at Hoylake and the Himalayas at Prestwick. These go on, though the Maiden of Sandwich has been in her grave for some years gone by. Yet all is not bad in the schemes of the course-architects. In some respects they are certainly making the play far more interesting even to the moderate golfer, as, specially, in their cultivation of dog-leg holes and plateau putting-greens.

By means of the latter, many a hopelessly plain flat field course has been marvellously improved, and a life given to the golf that it did seem it never would possess there. Golf architecture is good within limits, but it must not go too far.

HENRY LEACH.



THE NEWBIGGIN-ING (SORRY!) OF THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION: MR. BONAR LAW PLAYING THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT NON-POLITICAL GAME AS A GUEST OF LORD RIDLEY.

Viscount Ridley is on the left of the photograph.—[Photograph by C.I.L.]

many a hopelessly plain flat field course has been marvellously improved, and a life given to the golf that it did seem it never would possess there. Golf architecture is good within limits, but it must not go too far.



"THE INVISIBLE MAN": AN INVULNERABLE PLAY: MORE DANCING.

A Good Try. At the Coliseum there is now being given a very good trial of something very difficult indeed to be done. It is entitled "The Invisible Man," and is in the form of a sketch, "written by Messrs. Cyril Twyford and Leslie Lambert, and suggested by the story by H. G. Wells." In this little piece the attempt is very boldly made to induce us to think "big" and to lead us to take for granted things which to people otherwise disposed might appear impossible. We are faced by two men, who are ultimately joined by a woman, Miss Tommy Clansy. This lawless trio, having been engaged in pranks which seem almost morally bound to lead them into trouble, are in immediate danger of a police visit, and consequently one of the men finds himself driven to the desirability of making the other one invisible. He therefore produces a machine for the purpose, and with the lady's assistance succeeds in reducing him to this condition before the arrival of the Police-Inspector and of Police-Constable Harris. With the appearance of these two functionaries the fun becomes fast and furious. The two strong arms of the law are treated with a complete callousness which is rather disturbing to the ordinary beholder. The whole thing is extremely cleverly arranged, and especially when in their absence the vast form is consigned to bed, and is on their return examined and found to be nothing. Then, again, the business of giving drink to the invisible man is well done, and the whole thing goes with a directness and point which make it completely satisfying to the early attendants at the Coliseum show. The sketch is most capably rendered by Mr. G. Trevor Roker and Cecil Bevan, as the two wrongdoers; by Mr. Frank Snell and Mr. Herbert Russell as the Police Officers; and by Miss Tommy Clansy as the overdressed young woman who assists them in carrying out their plot. I do not, of course, know what Mr. H. G. Wells thinks of the experiment, but it is to be hoped that he experiences the same satisfaction that is obviously felt by those who are at the Coliseum early enough to see the little play.

A Rather Sad Story. At the Palace a grim attempt has been made to prove sincerity of purpose and strenuousness of aim by the production of a "Controversial Domestic Morality Problem," by the Rev. A. J. Waldron, Vicar of Brixton, entitled "Should a Woman Tell?" The scene of the piece represents a comfortable room in a clergyman's house at evening, and into it is introduced Mary Deverell, "the Woman," who has received from her fiancé a threat not to marry

her unless she tells him her "past." She tells the good priest the whole story—her meeting with a young man when she was first at work, her dinner with him at his rooms, her fall and his immediate disappearance. Presently the girl retires, and there arrives on the scene Alfred Brandon, "the Man of the World," and George Cooke, the Convert, who tells the priest not to continue publishing the banns, as he has decided not to marry Mary Deverell. This produces an excessively long speech from the priest, who manages to induce the Convert to alter his views and agree to marry the girl. The girl is then ushered forth from a hiding-place, face to face with Mr. Alfred Brandon, who, of course, turns out to be the man who has done her such grievous wrong. The final clearing-up of this lugubrious story is short and effective. In a few brief words the young man, Mr. Alfred Brandon, boldly proposes marriage, is accepted, and the scene falls. Most of this somewhat sombre playlet falls upon the Vicar, a part which is played with infinite solemnity by Mr. E. Story Gofton, who makes no attempt to enliven it, but is amply content to make it as resonantly impressive as can possibly be. The parts of the Man of the World and the Convert are played with no especial distinction, and Miss Mary Deverell somewhat makes one feel that the marriage will not be a success. One thing is quite certain. The sketch should prove some sort of solace to those who are so busily engaged in assailing the moral tone of the up-to-date music-hall.



AS THE MOTHER OF THE LADY WHO MARRIED THE MAN WHO WOULD NEVER SAY DIE: MISS WINIFRED EMERY AS THE HON. MRS. STEVENSON, AT THE APOLLO. While her husband and her daughter, Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Margery Maude, are reaping the reward of good acting in the United States, Miss Winifred Emery is giving a capital performance in "Never Say Die."—[Photograph by Elwin Neame.]

Mr. Will Bishop, without being so thin, vies with her in earnestness. The result is a complete indication of the art displayed, and is watched with flattering consideration and is greeted with considerable constraint by the audience assembled. The turn is opened by the lady, who dances very much as many ladies have danced before her, and is later on joined by the man, who contributes a part which is not unfamiliar to frequenters of the music-halls. There is nothing particularly instructive or noticeably novel about the turn, which is received with a certain amount of apathy by its witnesses. Whether the public interest in this form of dancing is to continue remains to be seen, but it begins to look very much as if it had almost had its day.

ROVER.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

RACES OF MAN: THE QUEEN'S NEW CAR: A FAMED "FIFTEEN": THE SHOW IN RETROSPECT.

A Good Augury for the T.T. Race. The International Tourist Trophy Race of 1914, which is to be decided over the classic course in the Isle of Man, promises already to be a success. Four firms—namely, Minerva, Humber, Straker-Squire, and Sunbeam—have already entered nine cars between them; and with so salient an example before them, it will be most inadvisable for other makers to stand down. This has evidently been realised by a good many, for already a number of manufacturers have given the Royal Automobile Club notice of their intention to enter a car or a team of cars for the race, and these will be reported as soon as the entries have been received. The inhabitants of the Isle of Man, who are a real sporting people and immensely keen on motor and motor-cycle racing, will have an opportunity of seeing a good deal of motor sport next year, for, in addition to the Tourist Trophy Race, the Auto-Cycle Union—those perpetual competition-promoters—will organise a meeting on the island before June, and another one in September.

Oversize Continental on Her Majesty's Daimler. A centre of attraction at the Show last week was—very naturally, of course—the imposing 45-h.p. Knight Sleeve-Valve Daimler built for her Majesty the Queen. The quiet taste in which this fine vehicle was finished was remarkable, and pointed a moral and adorned a tale for the consideration of those who err in tone and line. A notable point in connection with this car, and one that provoked general notice, was the fact that it was shod with Continental oversize tyres.

They will assuredly endow the royal automobile with an increased amount of comfort and freedom from puncture, for they present all the qualities that make for perfection in tyre-construction. Their increased air-capacity and strength, provided by their extra dimensions and powerful build, must ensure the maximum of resiliency and durability. It is claimed that from something like eighty per cent. increased mileage is obtained by the use of oversize tyres.

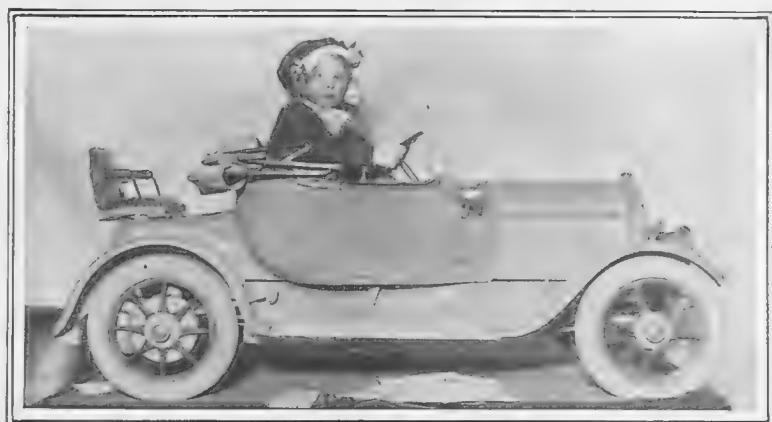
FOR DEMONSTRATION PURPOSES! A GIGANTIC MODEL OF THE SIMMS-BOSCH SPARKING-PLUG.

Photograph by Sport and General.

The Features of the Show. As I suggested a week or two ago, Olympia would not be found prolific in novelties—or, indeed, in anything like a departure in mechanical design. There was nothing to provoke curiosity like the Knight-Daimler, the Argyll single-sleeve, the Hewett piston-valve, the Darracq Corliss, or the Itala rotary-valve engines. These were great features of the various exhibitions at which they made their several bows to the public, but the Show of 1913 cannot claim any such vivid distinction. Amongst those named above, the Knight sleeve-valve and the Argyll single-sleeve engines were found on more different makes of cars, the Hewett was not present, the Darracq have returned to their old love (the poppet-valve), and the Itala rotary-valve engine (still more than holding its own) appeared on three Itala chassis. Then there was the Valveless, but that has been before the public for a very long time. No; the Exhibition of 1913 was remarkable for all-round improvement in detail, a general striving after neatness and compactness of design, and increased accessibility.

The Striking Straker-Squires. There was no period of any of the days of the Show when a crowd of admirers larger or smaller was not gathered about Stand No. 71, where the highly attractive 15-20-h.p. Straker-Squire chassis was boldly submitted to criticism. The Straker-Squire people were wise in not covering up the product by which they have become famous, and the wisdom of showing a chassis which presents all the most up-to-date points of design and construction, and some more to boot, was proved by the continuous attention attracted to it. The three

chassis upon which bodies were mounted served to show how eminently suitable is the Straker-Squire chassis to the carriage of any kind of body that heart of man or woman may desire. Nothing could be more alluring than the coupé-cabriolet four-seater with



MADE, BY ORDER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA, FOR PRINCE OLAF OF NORWAY:
A $\frac{3}{4}$ -H.P. BABY CADILLAC.
Photograph by Sport and General.

interior drive, which was finished in a luminous dark-blue with fine black lines and black wings. The folding-seat next to the driver gave easy access to the back seats. The roof of the body was capable of folding down most neatly and completely, making a perfect open car for fine weather. A car also to make one envious was the 15-20-h.p. two-seater, which, with its taper bonnet lining with the scuttle-dash, most conclusively deserved its description of a "really high-class, up-to-date two-seater."

The Show Successful.

At the moment of writing the final figures of the attendances at Olympia are not to hand, but from comparison with years that are gone,

there is little doubt that, the withdrawal of a large volume of free tickets notwithstanding, the total number of visitors to the Motor Show of 1913 will equal, if it does not surpass, that of former years. The Society's coffers should profit more than in the past, for a larger proportion of people were paying for entrance than ever before. Each day and every day the crowds of visitors looked more like buyers—or at least, like people who could afford to purchase motor-cars—than was the case on the high-priced days of last year and before. The attendance also struck one as being of much higher



THE ICE-CREAM BARROW BECOMES ARISTOCRATIC! A MOTOR ICE-CREAM CART.
This was specially made by Messrs. E. E. Hatfield, a Sheffield firm of automobile engineers.
Photograph by Topical.

intelligence, for on all sides automobile mechanism was heard discussed with knowledge by both sexes alike. Indeed, the feminine interest was most remarkable, and was far from being confined to the finish and trimming of the bodies. It has been something of an axiom with salesmen that bodies sold cars, but it really would appear now that such will not be the case for long.



THE Queen is deep in all manner of charities. The only limit to them is the time limit. The extent to which her Majesty is able to give personal service is astonishing in the light of her manifold duties; but she has, quite strictly, to work by the clock, and not seldom the tasks she has most at heart are curtailed by the other demands of a full programme. Thus her Majesty was able the other day to send as a gift to a poor mother in the South of London a petticoat worked by her own hand. Perhaps the Queen's ambition had been an entire wardrobe, but one garment, and no more, was available. Mr. Max Beerbohm's line, in verses describing a day at Court, about her Majesty's industry over "yard after yard of calico," suggests long stretches of sewing, and thousands of stitches. If "Max" had really been to Court, instead of going there only in imagination, he might have discovered that her Majesty has far less time for needlework than he for jesting.

The Austrian-Englishmen. Their Majesties' Austrian guests are foreigners only in a milder sense of the term; and

The She-Bear.

The American President, who sees a daughter married next week, is not yet so famous in and by his family as Mr. Roosevelt. Miss Wilson has never, like Mr. Roosevelt's daughter, leapt into notoriety. She has never, in other words, jumped from a liner into the Atlantic simply because she was "dared." A feat of that sort is attributed both to Mrs. Longworth and Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, though in Lady Constance's case the story suggests no motive save the joy of the leap. Nor was her cap, and gown, set at the Atlantic. A Scottish loch was quite deep and big enough to alarm her friends. Mrs. Longworth's unhesitating methods in the face of adventure have earned for her a name which is a shot at a feminine form of "Teddy." In her own circle she is known as "Sheba."

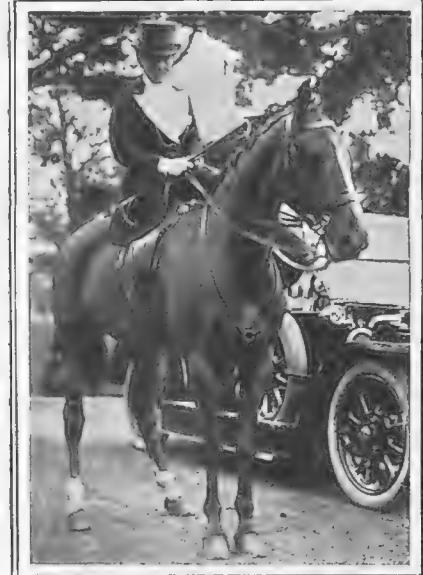


FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF ANIMAL-PAINTERS:
MISS LUCY KEMP-WELCH.

Miss Kemp-Welch studied art at the Herkomer School at Bushey. She first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1894, and has been represented there every year since. Her "Colt-Hunting in the New Forest" (1897) was bought by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest; her "Horses Bathing in the Sea" (1900) for the National Gallery of Victoria.—[Photograph by Haines.]

Count Albert Mensdorff, who accompanied them to Windsor, is the most English of all Ambassadors to the Court of St. James'. The Arch-Duke Franz Ferdinand

him. Sir Edgar's name has been mentioned as one of the wise buyers of Mr. Augustus John's astonishing little panels at the Goupil Salon. The snapping-up of two or three



WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT:
THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

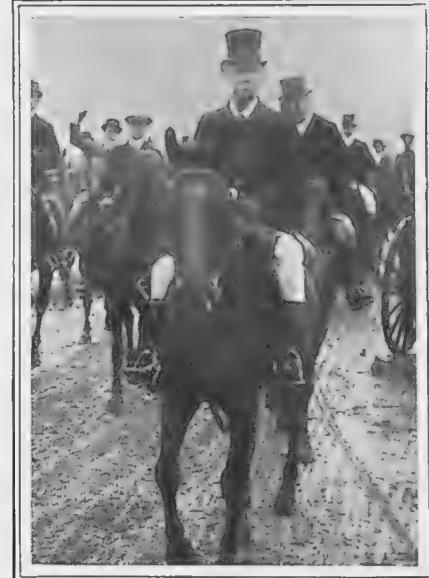
The Duchess of Beaufort, whose marriage to the ninth Duke took place in 1895, is the daughter of the late Mr. William Henry Harford, J.P., D.L., of Oldown, Tockington, and the widow of Baron Carlo de Tuyl.—[Photograph by C.N.]

and the Duchess of Hohenberg are both linguists of exceptional ability, and though, in the cosmopolitan Ritz, they are, so to say, looked after in French, at Windsor they will speak nothing but the language of the country. Their methods of mastering the English idiom and learning the English view are sufficiently thorough. A year or two ago the Archduke Francis Karl took up a course of study at Stonyhurst College as a "Philosopher," which means, besides a little philosophy, a great deal of fishing, golf, shooting and riding—all conducted in the "native."



WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT: THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT
WITH LADIES DIANA AND BLANCHE SOMERSET.

His Grace was born in May 1847; Lady Blanche Somerset was born in 1897; Lady Diana, in 1898.—[Photograph by C.N.]



WITH THE ESSEX: FIELD-MARSHAL
SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C.

Sir Evelyn was born as far back as Feb. 9, 1838, but this does not prevent him following the hounds. He is an Essex man—of Cressing, Braintree.

Photograph by L.N.A.

thousand pounds' worth of small and sketchy paintings by a young artist has created something of a record—a record in which Mr. John's patrons play almost as interesting a part as Mr. John himself. But they are for the most part nameless. Sir Edgar, if only because he is so good a judge, is naturally suspected, and very probably with reason; but Lady Speyer, for all that, will not turn up at the Picture Ball in a "John" costume. She is giving her attention, for the great night, to the Dutch. She is a daughter, by the way, of Ferdinand, Count von Stosch.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Apex of Luxury.

Mme. Gaby Deslys, it appears, has taken her own live poultry with her to New York, in order to have a supply of new-laid eggs aboard. This high-spirited action is all very well, but will the dancer be able to compel the hens to "lay" amid the perturbation of the Atlantic rollers? I fancy not. If this miracle could have been brought about, the Companies would have done it ere now. We have heard a great deal lately of the luxury of sea-travel, of the opulence and magnificence of the monster floating hotels which cross the ocean. This may even include, nowadays, what it did not when I went, some years ago, to New York on a more modest specimen of the great liners—the luxury of fresh eggs for breakfast. I shall never forget my first egg on board a celebrated ocean greyhound. It resembled, in appearance and odour, the kind of egg we associate with inferior seaside lodgings. When remonstrated with, the steward informed me that his particular company "had never lost a life." This threw no light on the vexed problem of my egg, but left me, in a sense, reassured although hungry. Every maritime company, I believe, prides itself on its distinctive line. The Germans boast of their bands, the French of their *cuisine*, the Americans of their speed, the Japanese of their cleanliness and efficiency. And we Britons, if our omelettes left something to be desired, were once proud of our non-existing death-roll. These things have altered now, and possibly you may find—without being at the pains and expense to take your own fowls—that you can have nice fresh eggs 'twixt Queenstown and Long Island.

Man, the Domestic Animal.

There is no doubt that nowadays it is Man, and not Woman, who is most addicted to domesticity. There is no one who attaches himself more resolutely to the domestic hearth than the newly married man. The bride—freshly emancipated—is usually all for tasting the tumultuous pleasures of the Town; it is her husband who corrects her taste and points out the joys of complete seclusion in a drawing-room. He even seems uneasy at the recital of her day-time outings, scents danger in a luncheon and perdition in a picture-gallery. Afterwards, to be sure, he will accept these adventures of his wife as ordinary occurrences, but the young husband who has got Domesticitis in an aggravated form must be treated by his spouse with tact and delicacy. And it is natural that he should like the home for which he has made so many sacrifices, given up so many boon companions, and renounced all other of the Fair. After a plethora of restaurants and clubs, a quiet dining-room, no doubt, seems paradise. And of late the bachelor-man appears to share the Benedick's enthusiasm for home life. Mark how proud he is to invite you to dine, with what innocent vanity he does the honours of his tea-table. I hasten to add that his tea is always superior to that of most of his

feminine friends. And while the modern woman seems mostly bent on shaking off the shackles of the drawing-room, the modern man—highly civilised, and a little weary, possibly, of the turbulence of the outside world—is hastening inside the Home and drawing the velvet curtains close. It is a singular spectacle for the thoughtful.

She Who Must Be Obeyed.

arouse secret mirth

It is just as well that the anachronism in the marriage service of the word to "obey" is gradually being deleted, for it only served to among the cynical and the married. It also made the bridegroom—already in a trying position in the wedding ceremony—look absurd. If he happened to be mild or vacillating, or if he were marrying millions or an experienced widow, the odds were heavily against him ever enjoying this legal and sacerdotal privilege. The feminine arts which are practised in happy British households are wearing in the end, and there is hardly a man who can battle at once with the turmoil of the outside world and lord it over his wife at home. He cannot at once get the better of his business or political competitors and of that still more redoubtable personage, his lawful wife. This lady is all the more alarming when

she belongs to the fluffy and silken variety of the species, it being a well-known fact that little, pink-and-white women with drooping eyelids are the very devil at home. With

other and more intelligent kinds of females a man can argue, but not with this one. That there is a new spirit abroad among young mating pairs is quite evident, and the new toleration which is being practised both in the marriage service and in married life is all to the good of society.

Multifarious Activities.

This is the time of year when "meetings" flourish, when

the Societies for the Suppression of This or for the Encouragement of That are in full tilt, and drawing-rooms are filled with sympathetic plumes and nodding roses. From four to five you

may be listening to eloquent rhetoric on the burning topic of Divorce Law Reform; at six you may be passionately discussing the problem of Pure Milk; another day you may hear peers and actresses pleading for the new Clinic of Psycho-Therapy. This last venture is of high scientific importance, for I believe England is now the only highly civilised country where they do not yet practise healing while studying the mind. Moreover, the new clinic is to be in close connection with the Chair of Psychology at University College, and Professor Spearman is taking the keenest interest in the proposed institution. At present there is no hospital, no sanatorium, for cases of nervous breakdown. The rich can travel, or take rest-cures and other costly "cures"; but for the impecunious there is no staying that evil thing which begins in "nerves," and ends often in dire disaster. Mental therapeutics is no new thing, but it has not yet been organised for the benefit of the masses.



A "HAT ON ONE EAR" EFFECT: THE "APRÈS GREUZE" MODEL.

One of the latest Parisian novelties is this *chic* model known as the "Après Greuze." It is carried out in black velvet with a large osprey, and is worn at such an angle at one side of the head that it appears to be attached to one ear only.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 26.

LABOUR.

WE have consistently recommended Home Railway securities for many months past, and we still believe that such stocks as Great Western, Great Central, etc., are almost certain to rise before very long. Up to the present our recommendation has not proved particularly profitable, and so, perhaps, it would be as well if we presented the other side of the picture: the other side, of course, reveals the labour question.

Many serious-thinking people believe that there will be further trouble with the men before many months go by. They point out, also, that the men's position has been greatly strengthened of late by additions to the number of unionists—as many as 4000 having been enrolled by the National Union of Railwaymen in one week—and by the amalgamation of three out of the four Unions which previously admitted railwaymen.

It is pretty clear, too, what would be the Government's attitude in the event of another strike—Larkin's release was an example of the lengths to which they are prepared to go in order to placate the Labour vote.

With regard to the seriousness of the position should any trouble arise, we fully agree with these arguments, but we sincerely hope and believe that the question will not arise yet awhile—at any rate, not before December 1914, when the existing agreements terminate. But it is just as well to realise that it is this possibility which is depressing the Home Rail Market.

THE ERIE RAILROAD.

The results shown in the report of this Railway for the year ending June 30 last are distinctly encouraging. Gross receipts from all sources increased by 6,155,000 dols. to 62,647,400 dols., and of this increase 2,516,500 dols. were retained as net profit. The total earnings are such that the directors, had they so wished, could have distributed the full dividends of 4 per cent. on the First and Second Preferred shares, and a shade over 3 per cent. on the Common stock. A very conservative policy, however, has been followed, and no dividends are paid.

A tremendous amount of money has been expended upon the improvement of the system during the last decade, the effect of which is reflected in the present earnings, but the financial position is rather complicated. During the coming year 17,050,000 dols of short notes mature, and in the following April a further 10,000,000 dols. will have to be found. This is undoubtedly the explanation of the directors' policy, and, in spite of official denials, lends colour to the current rumour of the creation of a new blanket mortgage for a very large amount.

The First Preferred stock we have recommended several times during the last twelve months, and still advise. The dividend on this stock was earned three times over last year, and although we do not suppose any dividend will be paid yet awhile, it is bound to come before many years. The position of the Common stock, however, is different, and if the First Preferred is worth only 41, the Common appears over-valued at 28.

The 4 per cent. General Lien Bonds are quoted at 87-89, and are, in our opinion, a very fine holding.

OILS.

The Oil Market is enjoying quite a busy time, and while prices in other markets dismally droop, all sorts of Oil shares, good, bad, and indifferent, are being pushed up. Those Companies connected with the Shell interests are receiving the most attention. North Caucasians continue very firm at about 34s., and we are told they are bound for 40s. We give this for what it is worth, and our own opinion is that those with profits on these shares would be most unwise not to cash them: to justify the present figure the dividend would have to be at least 35 per cent. Trinidads are a tip, but here again we look upon the shares as a pure gamble.

Maikop shares derived cold comfort from the report of the London and Maikop Oil Corporation, which appeared a day or two ago. We do not think regular readers of these columns are likely to hold shares in any of the Companies operating here, but there are a great many small investors all over the country who are interested. It is clear from the above-mentioned report that the only hope lies in successful results from the deep drilling operations which are now being carried on. If these are successful the field will have another chance, and the Directors of Maikop Victory have shown clearly their confidence in the results of these operations by the purchase of new plots. Three of these were bought from the Maikop Spies Company, and we believe that it will be the directors of this latter concern who eventually receive congratulations upon the transaction!

JUMBLED JOTTINGS.

Another remittance from Ecuador on account of the Guayaquil and Quito Bonds is announced, bringing the total received up to over £54,000; thus only about £2000 more is required before another

coupon is received. At this rate it matters little to holders whether a new Loan is floated or not.

As the Chairman foreshadowed at the last general meeting, the directors of Frederick Leyland and Co. propose to pay 10 per cent. next January on account of the arrears on the Preference shares. We have several times advised a purchase of these shares, which have now risen to 10½-10¾, and at this price they do not seem overvalued, even when allowance is made for the fact that freights are distinctly easier.

During the last day or two there has been a sharp recovery in Cuban Ports Bonds and Common stock, the latter now standing at 25 against a lowest price touched of 8½. No official explanation has been given, and we have failed to discover anything more than vague rumours to account for the buying. As we have stated before, we think bondholders have a chance of getting their money back, but we cannot help thinking that the Common stock is very fully valued at the current price.

Weather conditions in Cuba continue to be entirely satisfactory, we are glad to say, and the most critical time for the sugar-crop will soon be over and the cutting commence. The crop estimates point to a yield very much on a par with the last one, so holders of Cuban securities can look forward to another good year. There has been a good deal of talk lately about an amalgamation of the United of Havana and Cuban Central systems, and although nothing is known officially, we should not be very much surprised if some such scheme were eventually brought forward.

The report of the South Durham Steel and Iron Company made a splendid showing. The dividend is raised from 20 to 25 per cent., reserves and depreciation receive £75,000 more than for the previous twelve months, and about £3000 more is carried forward. The yield on the shares at the current price is exceptionally large; but, nevertheless, we do not think the present moment is the time to buy any shares of the Iron and Steel or allied trades. We have said this before, but repeat it in order to emphasise it.

There seems no doubt now that the Egyptian cotton crop will be about 3 per cent. better than last year's. This will mean a great deal to the country's prosperity, and is good news for holders of Egyptian securities.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Were it not for the negative consolation resident in the axiom that it is the unexpected which always happens, I think that a good many of us in the Stock Exchange would be feeling more than a little unhappy just now. For of business there is not enough to go round; of falls, the worst seem to have made a set at our own particular stocks; to foreign blows at confidence there appears to be no end. For Mexico to drop into the Balkans' boots was one of the unkindest cuts of the year; and for the slump in Rubber to upset everything connected with Brazil was as unlooked-for as it was unpleasant. Happily, there are still Mark Tapleys left amongst us; there is the man who rejoices when stocks of which he is a bull go down, because the fall means that he has less to pay in the way of interest on carry-over; there is the bear who sees his stocks rise, and cheerfully remarks that business is always better in rising markets; there is the hero who declines to despair when his mining shares drop to the nominal value of 1s., arguing that any further loss can only be small. If it were not for these dear, brave things, life would be a grey affair altogether.

Up to the present, the Stock Exchange this year has had no boom in any of its markets. Austerely speaking, this is a good thing for the House and the public. Indeed, no very severe strain need be placed on the imagination for the (journalistic) critic to trace some of the present depression in business to the evil consequences of recent booms whose outcome was, as usual, the loss of large amounts of money. Witnesses to this would start in their hundreds from over-sanguine believers (to say nothing of the gamblers) in the raw rubber business, the oil, the Nigerian Tin industries. Had so much money not been lost in this way, there would have been more public confidence felt in the Stock Exchange, where we admit, sadly and afterwards, that a boom is bad for nearly everybody in the long run. This is all very well as a matter of pure theory. In practice, of course, the Stock Exchange loves a boom. There is no consolation in the complaint that business is bad, but, *per contra*, solid compensation mitigates the horrors of overwork. The mental pressure of a boom is balanced by the extra physical comfort which its results yield us for the time being. The House is itself again, and, making money readily, spends it as freely. Mild surprise has been heard that the Stock Exchange, as a rule so quick to aid distress, made no collection of its own on behalf of the families bereaved by the Welsh Colliery calamity. There are times, my dear Sir, in Throgmorton Street as elsewhere, when Charity must not only begin, but also perform remain, at home.

The year 1913 will go down to history stamped with depreciation, depression and other unhappy things beginning with the same letter of the alphabet, and the consequences are spread wide over a hundred walks of London life that look to the Stock Exchange for providing them with the amenities, if not the actual necessities, of life. Many of the big West-End drapery and jewellery establishments, lamenting the state of their trade, ascribe the major part of it to the fact of things being so quiet in the Stock Exchange. Cigar and wine merchants speak ruefully to us of the reason that keeps their order-books slim. Tailors tell the same tale, which is heard not in the City alone, but in many parts of the Metropolis. When the Stock Exchange stands idle, gloomy, economical, the effect permeates through to the huge circles of people engaged in the branches

[Continued on page 220.]



THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Tango Trousers. Are we indebted to the Tango craze for the fact that legs are to be veiled with net and lace and chiffon? We are—so say those supposed to be most conversant with the plans of Dame Fashion—to have pantalettes of embroidered lace.



ENGAGED : MR. FREDERICK APPLEBY HOLT
AND MISS RAE HUTCHINSON.

Mr. F. A. Holt, who is a barrister, is the elder son of Mr. Edwyn Holt, J.P., and Mrs. Holt, of Hale, Cheshire. Miss Rae Hutchinson is the second daughter of Sir George Hutchinson, the well-known publisher, and Lady Hutchinson, of 55, Pont Street, and Lyminster Court, near Arundel.

Photographs by Swaine.

suitable for the wicked winds of winter is this style—and Sir Oliver Lodge promises us a very severe one! Many queer things are done by would-be leaders in the art of dress at the behest of Dame Fashion, but I do not think we shall see pantalettes in the street. For the Tango and kindred measures, the shapeliness of a well-turned leg is half the attraction for the onlooker. It is, I believe, so well recognised that male Tango dancers wish to dispense with trousers, and wear knee-breeches and silk stockings. Therefore, even for the Tango, trouserettes seem unlikely to have a look-in. That they may be worn under a dinner dress that is open up the front or at the side I can quite believe, but then no one will know that the frillies are pantalettes. The ladies who, after their work at the theatres, are taken by gilded youths to supper clubs and restaurants may give this latest fashion a chance, and, if so, they will render it very attractive in its own set.

The Gift for Christmas. Something very neat, quite new, handsome, and always useful, is the ideal Christmas present that many people seek.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN THE
HON. HUBERT BRAND, R.N.
MISS NORAH GREENE

Miss Greene is the younger daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Conyngham Greene, Ambassador to Japan. Her mother, Lady Lily Greene, is a daughter of the fifth Earl of Courtown.

Photograph by Weston.

be insisted on, if this most famous eau-de-Cologne is wanted. So greatly is it in favour for baths that the company now prepare bath-salts of it, at 2s. 6d. a bottle, which are invigorating and

They will be unlike the early Victorian pantalette in that they are to emulate spats, having frills of lace over the shoes. How suitable this will be to the London streets in winter I leave it to those who have paddled in the mud lately to judge! The fashion is, I believe, intended for those of us who favour skirts slit up very high. Again, how



WITH HER BABY : THE MARCHIONESS OF TWEEDDALE.

The Marchioness of Tweeddale was known before her marriage as Miss Marguerite Ralli. She is a daughter of Mrs. Einstein, and a niece of Mrs. Edward Stonor, formerly Mrs. Ambrose Ralli, whose daughter married Lord Arthur Hay, the Marquess of Tweeddale's brother, in 1911.—[Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.]

It can be obtained this year in the form of a flask filled with "4711" eau-de-Cologne. It is nickel, and is plated with the best electro-plate. The shape is that of a man's card-case curved to fit the waistcoat-pocket. It is spirit-proof, and the little cap is secured by a link. It is a perfect little flask, and is sold, filled with the perfect "4711," at 4s. by all the leading chemists and stores. It is a gift equally suitable to man or woman, and is one that will be greatly appreciated. Most people take "4711" with them wherever they go—it is almost a necessity in petrol-pervaded London; and on journeys, whether by car or train, nothing is so refreshing or so recuperative. It is, of course, in constant use in homes also, and cases of six bottles for 13s. 6d. form acceptable presents, and are sent post free, or three smaller bottles for 7s. Every woman uses it; and men who know good things when they meet them are taking to the use of it more every week. Always, when ordering it, "4711" and the blue-and-gold label must

most delightful to use. There is no doubt that "4711" will fragrantly convey millions of Christmas good wishes this year, and in the new flask their conveyance will also be vastly handsome and most convenient.

Rest for Mind and Body.

rest. People are given all sorts of advice as to obtaining it; some of the advice demands much hard labour to carry it through. Real rest for the body means complete unconsciousness of it, and can be obtained in perfection in a specially made "224" chair by J. Foot and Son, 171, New Bond Street. This is a haven of rest. Pressure on a button alters the back to any position, the chair is perfectly upholstered, and the springs are deliciously easy. There is a head-cushion which can be altered at will, and a leg-rest to draw out and place at any gradient. The sides open out, so that an invalid can be moved on to the chair with perfect ease. There is a table across the arms, a part of which can be raised as a reading-desk; and there are two little round tables at one side, for books, drinks, light—anything, in fact. Such a chair Messrs. Foot and Son supplied to the Duchess of Connaught, and it was intensely appreciated by her Royal Highness. Another chair, less costly but most comfortable, is 177 on the list, which the firm will gladly send to anyone requiring it. The back moves up and down, or can be rendered quite flat by means of a rack. The arms unscrew and lift up, and the seat can be tilted up or levelled at will, and there is a leg-rest to be lowered or raised at will by means of a notched rack. This chair is obtainable from £5. In such comfort, one is unconscious of the body, and a good book will soothe and rest the mind. The Adapta table—another contrivance for comfort—is perfect as a bed-table, and can be used as a music-stand or reading-desk, and as a low table for children to play at. It and the patent chair are illustrated on another page.

Duchampton. Roehampton should change its name to the above. No fewer than four Duchesses have taken houses there—big, roomy, comfortable, early Victorian and Georgian residences which will be brought well up to date in luxury and comfort, and which are surrounded by from fifteen to twenty-five acres of grounds and gardens. Millicent Duchess of Sutherland will draw to her the aristocracy of talent as of blood; the Duchess of Roxburgh will surround herself with all that is best in American,

Scotch, and English society; the Duchess of Marlborough will attract to her young people of Society, and many of those interested in bettering the condition of workers, especially of women workers; the Duchess of Westminster's friends are sport-lovers. On the whole, "Duchampton" will be a fine social colony, and it is, of course, within an easy motor drive of all the delights of town.

One of the three photographs in our issue of Nov. 5 described as sculptures of Mme. Pavlova, by M. Seraphin Soudbinine, is, we learn from the artist, in reality a statuette of Mme. Karsavina. The photograph in question is the one at the top right-hand side of our page, showing the dancer on one foot. We much regret that the error in description should have occurred.



ENGAGED TO MISS NORAH GREENE : CAPTAIN THE HON. HUBERT BRAND, R.N. Captain Brand, who is a brother of Viscount Hampden, is a Naval Attaché at Tokio. In 1901-2 he served on board the Royal Yacht.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MISS FLORENCE ANNIE PEARSON AND THE REV. REGINALD DE COURCY MURLEY, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS ARRANGED FOR YESTERDAY (NOV. 18).

The Rev. Reginald Murley is Senior Curate at St. George's, Hanover Square. He was at Pembroke, Oxford, and was ordained priest, in London, in 1907. His bride is the elder daughter of Mr. R. O'Neill Pearson, of Tanley, Cartmel, Lancashire.—[Photos. Speaight and Elliott and Fry.]



Continued from page 218.]

of commerce that minister to the magnate, the office-boy, and all the varying grades between. The Stock Exchange man has not the wherewithal to give large orders to his butcher, and so the butcher cannot save much to return to his broker for investment. Multiply this illustration by several thousand times, and the viciousness of the circle begins to be apparent. Within a week or two the great Christmas shopping season starts, upon the profits of which so many people depend for their bread-and-butter through the next three months. The mild revival in our markets gives us a little more heart to prophesy that, after all, it can still be a merry, albeit a rather chastenedly merry, Christmas. And so we all hope, once more, for the best.

Everybody is looking forward to the New Year to furnish us with brighter markets. It is curious how a change in the calendar is hailed as a bull point, and yet there is something more than sentiment in it. On New Year's Day the whole world feels: "Well, we have turned over a fresh leaf, and there is at all events the prospect of better times in store for us." It is against all human nature to sell a bear on the first business day of the year. To do this is to snap one's fingers in the face of Fortune, who, like ourselves, is expected to smile genially and to promise kinder days. The Stock Exchange, always ready to accommodate itself to what is likely to happen in the near future, has a pretty little habit of putting up prices during the last fortnight or so of December; and there are tipsters in the Kaffir Circus now who, admitting that they are bears on balance, venture the opinion that it is better to be a bull over Christmas than it is to be short of shares. This is a very sound little piece of advice, and I refrain from watering it with reminders of New Year's Days in the past that have brought anything but pleasant news on their wings. Maybe, too, the Home Railway Market will also wake up. Given a gleam of cheaper money prospect, there ought to be a fair amount of resiliency in Home Rails, having regard to the imminence of the "fat" dividends. At the same time, there is no disguising the fact that our clients are sick of Home Rails and the perpetual disappointments which they have brought about to holders, thanks mainly to the incessant labour disputes that arise.

Employers of labour have had their day, and they used it to the grinding-down of the working man. The latter, half-educated and wholly led, in these latter days has discovered, to his amazement, an unsuspected amount of force in his numerical superiority to the other classes. Like a child with a new toy, he tries all sorts of experiments with it, unaware that there is a straining point beyond which lies fracture and a nasty blow to himself. The swing of the pendulum went a great deal too far on the employers' side; to-day it has swung just as unduly out of the true on to the side of Labour, which fails to recognise that only by mutual co-operation and by the recognition of the fact that security of contract is the base of all business dealings can trade prosperity be established. The unfortunate part of the situation is that nobody can tell when this, the only platform of common-sense, will be reached; and, of course, there is much speculation as to the possibility of arms clashing before the struggle is decided. For whatever my views may be worth, I think that the pendulum will quietly come back to its normal swing, and that all the present social upheavals, like the fantastic fashions adopted by the ladies.

are matters of the comparative moment. If, dear my reader, you happen to share these optimistic views—which, by the way, you probably do not, inasmuch as they contain no brief for either political party—then you can buy stocks for your children, even for yourself, on the assumption that within a certain number of years the present unrest will be succeeded by general co-operation. But if you want to know what effect this is going to have upon the price of Consols, say, next month, I fear me you must ask some other than

THE HOUSE-HAUNTER.

Saturday, Nov. 15, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

MAC.—(1) Yes; but in every case there is a heavy uncalled liability, which does not make them a very suitable investment for the ordinary man. Do not put too much of your money in these securities. (2) and (3) Yes.

SHEFFIELD.—(1) and (4) Are quite good purchases. (2) and (3) Are rather speculative, although Preference of (2) are good. (5) and (6) Do not touch, and we think you will buy (7) cheaper by waiting. We suggest J. Sears Preference, and Kuala Selangor Rubber.

THANET.—(1) and (15) and (16) are fair speculations. (8) and (9) have no particular attraction. (11) and (13) should be sold; remainder sound. We should not recommend any of the three supplementary shares which you mention. We are always very pleased to answer questions, but twenty securities in one letter is rather a lot. Another time, please let us off with six or seven.

DEVANHA.—We think you should hold both stocks; it is impossible to say that they may not go even lower, but eventually they should stand higher than at present.

VERITAS.—(1) Decidedly not. (2) The Market is rather restricted, and the shares appear fairly valued, so we see no special attraction. (3) Quite sound. (4) A fair purchase.

THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, LTD.—We are informed by the Directors of this Company that the issue of 295,000 Cumulative 6 per cent. Preference shares of £1 each at par, with an option on Ordinary shares, has been oversubscribed.

The British Automatic Company has enjoyed a very good year, net profits amounting to £37,900 against £29,000 a year ago. The Directors have thus been enabled to raise the dividend from 5 to 6½ per cent. £5000 is placed to the reserve fund, and £6100 is appropriated against the cost of new machines. There remains to be carried forward £6900, against £5100 brought into the accounts.

ROLLS-ROYCE

MR. JELLINEK-MERCÉDÈS states that, in his opinion, the Rolls-Royce is THE BEST CAR IN EXISTENCE.

NOTE.—Mr. Jellinek-Mercédès, who caused to be constructed by the Daimler Motoren Gesellschaft the Mercédès cars which bear his name and that of his daughter, has severed his connection as managing director of the Société Mercédès, and as Director of the Daimler Motoren Gesellschaft, in order that he may be free to follow with the greatest interest the latest automobile construction. The opinion of Mr. Jellinek-Mercédès is therefore of the greatest importance on account of his long experience in automobile matters.

"Le plus fini"
"Le plus souple"
"Le plus silencieux"
"Le mieux suspendu"
"La meilleure qui existe"

"J'ai l'honneur de vous informer que j'ai commandé chez-vous le chassis No. 2510E pour mon usage personnel, car je considère que c'est la voiture Rolls-Royce qui est aujourd'hui l'automobile le plus fini, le plus souple, le plus silencieux et le mieux suspendu. En un mot, je considère que la voiture Rolls-Royce est la meilleure voiture qui existe actuellement."

(Signed) E. J. MERCÉDÈS.

TRANSLATION.—"I beg to confirm that I have ordered from you Chassis No. 2510E for my personal use, because I consider that the Rolls-Royce Car is, to-day, the best finished car, the most flexible, the most silent, and the best suspended. In a word, I consider the Rolls-Royce is the best car at present existing."

(Signed) E. J. MERCÉDÈS.

ROLLS-ROYCE, LIMITED, 14 & 15, Conduit St., London, W.

Telegrams: "Rollead" Reg. London.

Telephones: Gerrard 1654 (3 lines).

EUROPE (except for the United Kingdom): Automobiles Rolls-Royce, 101, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris.

INDIA: Rolls-Royce, Limited, Mayo Road, Fort, Bombay.

The following firms who purchase direct from us have sole selling rights of our cars in their respective districts: LEICESTERSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, WORCESTERSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, AND RUTLANDSHIRE: The Midland Counties Motor Garage Co., Ltd., Granby St., Leicester; SCOTLAND: L. C. Seligmann & Co., 96, Renfrew St., Glasgow; MANCHESTER AND DISTRICT, including East Lancashire (as far north as a line drawn on the map due east from Cockerham) and East Cheshire: Joseph Cockshoot & Co., Ltd., New Bridge St., Manchester; LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICT, including West Lancashire (as far north as Cockerham), West Cheshire, and North Wales: W. Watson & Co., 56, Renshaw St., Liverpool; NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, CUMBERLAND, WESTMORLAND, and NORTH LANCASHIRE: Sir Wm. Angus Sanderson & Co., Ltd., St. Thomas St., Newcastle-on-Tyne; NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK: Mann, Egerton & Co., Ltd., 5, Prince of Wales Road, Norwich; BEDFORDSHIRE: J. A. Doran, 7, St. Paul's Square, Bedford; IRELAND: J. B. Ferguson, Ltd., Chichester St., Belfast. The following firms are appointed as Retailers of Rolls-Royce cars: LONDON—Messrs. Barker & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., 66-68, South Audley St., W.; Messrs. Charles Jarrot, Ltd., 35, Sackville St., W. YORKSHIRE: A. B. Wardman & Son, Ltd., Cambridge St., Harrogate.



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"4711" has had a long, long life of evergrowing popularity. It is distilled to-day as it was generations ago from the original recipe. All Chemists and Perfumers sell it throughout the world.

8° 4711
Eau de
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"My Secret"



Add a little Lemco, that is the secret of good cooks the world over—the secret of their delicious soups and gravies,—the secret of their rich entrées and savouries,—the secret of their dainty aspics and strengthening invalid jellies,—the secret of the freshness and variety of their menus,—the secret of the ease and quickness, and the surprising economy with which they prepare each appetising dish.

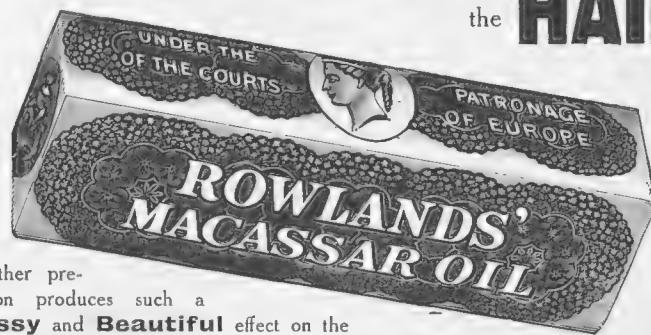
Lemco is all concentrated beef guaranteed absolutely pure.

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is an absolute necessity for all who wish to Preserve, Strengthen, Nourish and Beautify the HAIR



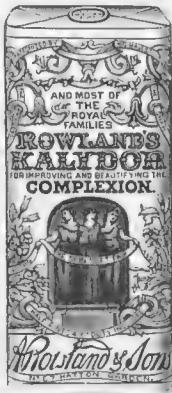
No other preparation produces such a Dressy and Beautiful effect on the Hair or stimulates its growth so effectually. It is prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3/6, 7/-, 10/6 and 21/- sizes, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and ROWLANDS, 67, Hatton Garden, London. Avoid cheap, spurious imitations.

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A beautiful complexion and face, neck, and arms of matchless whiteness are insured to those ladies who use

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

the most curative, healing, and refreshing milk ever used. It removes freckles, redness and roughness; soothes and heals irritation, cutaneous eruptions more effectually than any other preparation, and imparts a matchless beauty to the complexion unobtainable by any other means. Warranted harmless. Sizes, 2/3, 4/6 and 8/6. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and A. ROWLAND AND SONS, Hatton Garden.



Prove by Comparison

that Craven "A" is the best pipe of tobacco you have ever smoked. This is the simplest and most practical plan: Fill two pipes, one with Craven "A" and one with any other tobacco. Light both pipes and draw from each alternately.

Craven "A" needs no other argument than its irresistible appeal to your good judgment. The sweet flavour, the delightful fragrance and the extra coolness of Craven "A" will quickly convince you that it is that "ideal blend" you have so long wished for.

CRAVEN "A" MIXTURE A

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Obtainable at our West End Branch: 55 Piccadilly, W.

Watch your Cooking through a glass oven door.

THE "Carron" Range is decidedly different from the average kitchener. It incorporates all the best ideas that a firm of 154 years' experience has conceived. This range has, indeed, revolutionised the culinary art and made cooking better, more pleasant—certain.

INSTEAD of incessantly opening the oven door and spoiling the dinner, you can now watch every stage of the cooking through a glass door. The main oven door need not be opened until the food is ready for the table.



RANGE.

A thermometer inside the oven, guides you in attaining the requisite heat for every dish. By a simple arrangement, you can increase or diminish the size of the fire. A copious supply of hot water is always assured, whilst a hot closet, with sliding doors, is provided for keeping dishes in season.

THE foregoing features—and many others that have stamped the "Carron" range as the range of results—can readily be inspected at any of the Company's showrooms. The addresses are given below, and the Company extend to all housewives, chefs and others a cordial invitation to call and examine this unique cooker.

Carron Company Works : CARRON, Stirlingshire.
AND AT PHENIX FOUNDRY, SHEFFIELD.

Showrooms—London (City) 15, Upper Thames St., E.C., (West End) 29, Princes St., Cavendish Square, W., and 3, Berners St., W., Liverpool—22-32, Redcross St., Manchester—24, Brazenose St., Glasgow—125, Buchanan St., Edinburgh—114, George St., Bristol—6, Victoria St., Newcastle - on - Tyne — 13, Prudhoe Street, Birmingham — 218, 220, 222, Corporation St., Dublin—44, Grafton St.

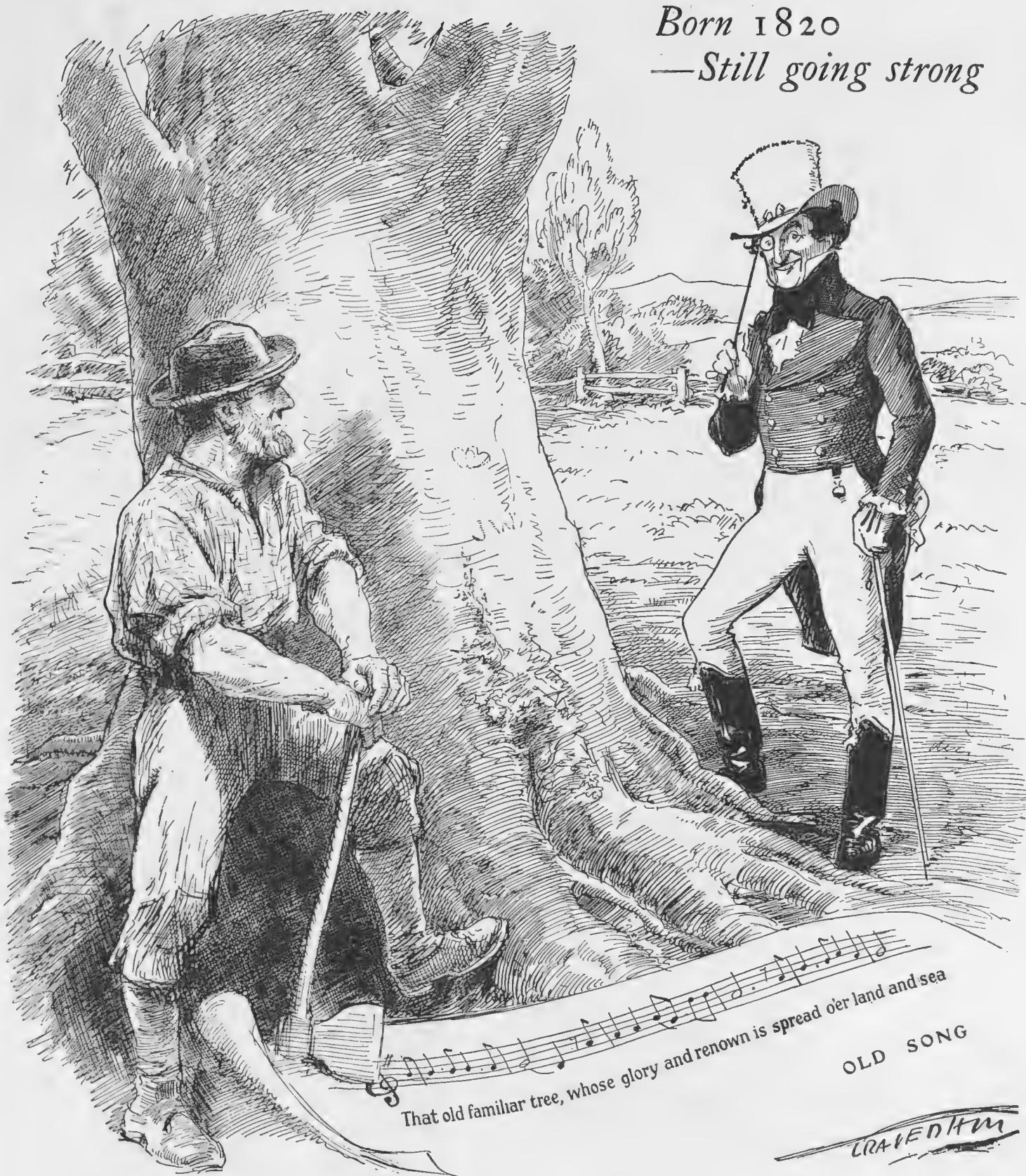


By Appointment
Ironfounders to
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For full information
write for No. 40M
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The glory and renown of "Johnnie Walker" has also spread "o'er land and sea" by reason of its matured-by-time-and-nature quality —
— This quality is guaranteed the same throughout the whole world.

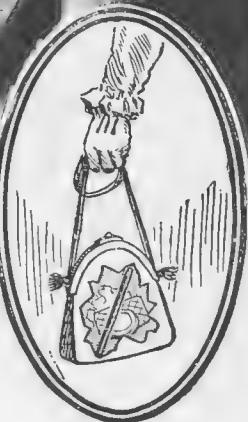
"White Label" is 6 years old "Red Label" is 10 years old. "Black Label" is 12 years old.

To safeguard these ages, our policy for the future is our policy of the past. First and foremost to see that the margin of stocks over sales is always large enough to maintain our unique quality.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.



**"No, Madam,
this pen cannot
possibly leak!"**



"This pen is the celebrated Onoto. No doubt you have heard of the Onoto?

"The Onoto is advertised as 'the one really satisfactory self-filling fountain pen'—and I personally am convinced they are right. At any rate, the advertised claims that the Onoto 'fills itself in a flash' and that 'it cannot leak' are absolutely proved by every Onoto I have ever seen—and we sell a lot of them.

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Buy now for Overseas Christmas Presents.

GUARANTEE.—The Onoto is British made. It is designed to last a life-time; but, if it should ever go wrong, the makers will immediately put it right—free of cost.

Price 10/6 and upwards, of all Stationers, Jewellers and Stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., Limited, 194, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Ask for ONOTO INK—Best for all Pens.



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That is the right way to order a 1/- cigar. If you merely ask for a "shilling cigar" you may find that it is not worth a shilling after you have paid for it. But if you order a "BOCK Perfectos Finos," you are sure to get the finest shilling cigar that Havana produces.



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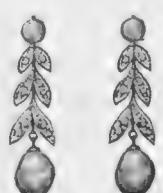
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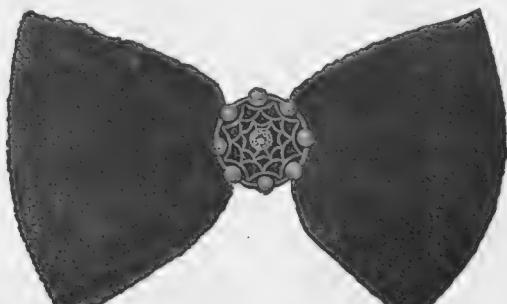


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PERFUME 5⁶ 10⁶ & 15⁶
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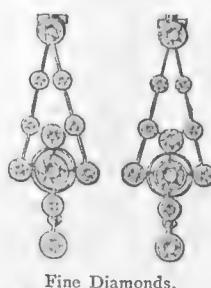
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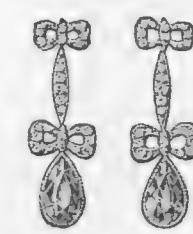


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You push them in with your fingers.

Pin up your small pictures and prints with Moore Push-Pins. No, hammering required—you push them in with your fingers. The head, being made of transparent crystal glass, is almost invisible, and the steel point is so fine and strong that it is easily inserted in plaster or wood. Useful in a hundred and one ways—for pinning patterns to the cutting-out board, for fastening up draperies, for hanging up cloths to dry, and so on. Can be used over and over again. 3d. a packet.

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For hanging up pictures and mirrors without
injuring the wall. Neither hanger nor cord
need show. In two sizes. 3d. a packet.
Of Stationers, Ironmongers, &c.
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THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT. FOOT'S "ADAPTA" TABLE.

Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined either way. It extends over bed, couch, or chair without touching it, and is the ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. Change of position is effected by simply pressing the patent push button. The height of Table can be adjusted at any point from 28 in. to 43 in. from floor. The top is 27 in. long by 18 in. wide, and is always in alignment with the base. It cannot overbalance. The "Adapta" Table is instantly adjustable to various convenient uses, such as Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, &c.

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No. 1.—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Polished Wood Top	£1 7 6
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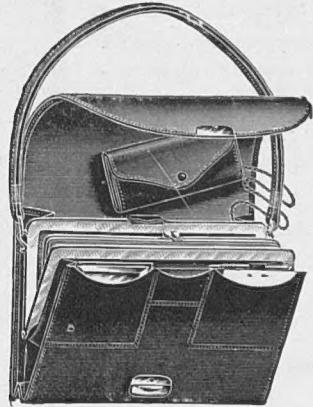
P.S. — Welsbach Mantles are still the strongest, still the most brilliant. Upright (C, CX, & PLAISSETTY) and Inverted. 4½d. each.

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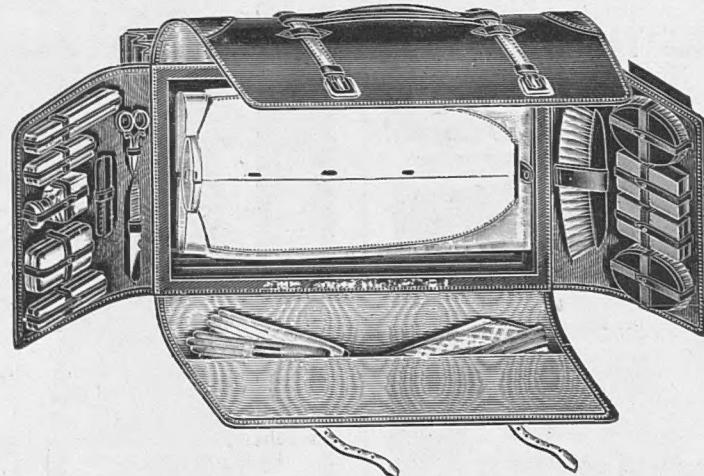


Lady's Wrist Bag, best Black
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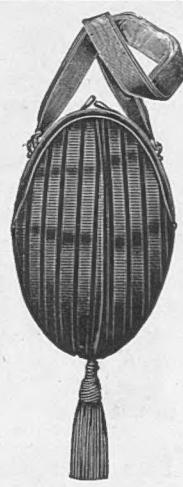
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The "Under-arm" Collapsible fitted Dress Suit Case, Reg. No. 625528, complete, with very flat fittings. Will easily carry a Suit of Clothes, Shirt, Handkerchiefs and Ties, &c.

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LOWEST prices compatible with BEST material and workmanship.



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Very pretty Bag, made of Black striped **Moire Silk**. Special 21/- Value.



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DO you realise the risk you run riding in a crowded train or tram without a germ-killing Peps tablet in your mouth?

Every sneeze, every cough fills the air you breathe with countless disease-germs that immediately make for any weak spot in your throat and chest. Keep a little breathable Peps tablet dissolving in your mouth to ward off infection, and you will not be "full of cold" on the morrow, with the possibility of pleurisy or deadly pneumonia supervening.

Peps provide the most effective throat and chest medicine in an air-like form. The Peps medicine goes straight to the lungs and prevents unpleasant and dangerous complications like *bronchitis, sore throat, influenza, catarrh, pleurisy, inflammation, pneumonia, etc.*

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THE UNIQUE BREATHEABLE TABLETS

Of all chemists, or from The Peps Co., Carlton Hill, Leeds.



It is important for you to know that Benger's is not a pre-digested food, and it does not contain dried milk nor malt nor chemical food substance.

It is natural cereal food combined with natural digestive principles. It is prepared with fresh new milk, with which it combines to form a delicious food cream, assimilable to the most weakly digestion, and safe to give under almost all conditions.

Benger's Food

is for Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, and for all whose digestive powers have become weakened.



Post free: to all who have the care of Infants and Invalids, a 48-page Booklet—"Benger's Food and How to Use It."

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The Bewitching Odour

of Lily of the Valley was never successfully reproduced until the Zenobia Perfume of that name was originally prepared. There are now on the market a number of imitations professing to be "nature true," but the subtle quality of distinction remains a Zenobia secret.

LILY OF THE VALLEY

PRICES:—2/-, 3/6, 6/3, and 10/6 per bottle. An equally original odour, and one extremely beautiful and lasting, is

NIGHT SCENTED STOCK,

A soft delicious melody in perfume. PRICES:—2/6, 3/6, 5/-, and 10/6 per bottle. Sold by Chemists, Perfumers, and Stores.

ZENOBIA
TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES

BIJOU SAMPLE, containing Perfume, Soap, and Sachet of either of the above odours, sent for 3d. stamps. (Mention *The Sketch*.)

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**WATCH THE LITTLE ONES' EYES
SPARKLE WHEN THEY GET**

'Golden Shred' Marmalade

The clean palates of children never mistake flavour. 'Golden Shred' retains all the natural flavour of the rich ripe orange, and makes a dietary tonic of unsurpassed purity. Made solely from finest selected fruit and the best sugar—nothing else.

'Golden Shred,' the Marmalade for children—and Grown-ups.

Produced under perfect hygienic conditions in Model Factories, by willing, well-cared-for workers.

ROBERTSON—only Maker.

PAISLEY.
MANCHESTER.

Golden Shred—
the Marmalade that made the Bitter Orange famous.

RITA MOYA discourses on
NATURAL BEAUTY,
and how to obtain it.

To-day every woman of taste and refinement avoids the use of cosmetics or made-up toilet preparations which give an artificial appearance. The fresh, natural complexion that few women have, and every woman desires, is best obtained by use of original ingredients already at hand or which can be obtained from any reliable chemist. My advice is to avoid the use of most made-up face creams, rouge and beautifying preparations.

They are usually obvious and often disappointing. If you will get only the proper original ingredients, you will be satisfied with the result. Insist on having just what you ask for. If the chemist does not happen to have it in stock, he can immediately get it from his wholesaler.

Good Shampoo Important.

The hair should be allowed to breathe, and the greasy film around each strand must be removed with a mild non-alkaline shampoo. Soaps should be tabooed. The very best solution for the purpose can be made by dissolving a teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water. It stimulates the scalp to healthy action, and at the same time leaves the hair in that soft, fluffy condition so much admired. Any chemist can supply you with an original packet of stallax, sufficient to make twenty-five or thirty shampoos.

Magic for Superfluous Hair.

It is astounding the number of women who suffer from unsightly growths of hair on the face, and it will come as a piece of good news to know that there is a simple substance known as powdered phenomin which will remove it immediately and permanently. Mix a small quantity into a thin paste with a little water, and apply to the objectionable growths. In two minutes all trace of the hair will have entirely vanished, and your skin will be as soft and smooth as a child's.

To have Smooth, White Skin all through the Winter.

Does your skin chap or roughen easily, or become unduly red or blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white, smooth and soft. Just get some ordinary mercerised wax, at the chemists, and use a little before retiring as you would use cold cream. The wax through some peculiar action, flecks off the rough discoloured or blemished skin. The worn-out cuticle comes off just like dandruff on a diseased scalp only in almost invisible particles. Mercerised wax simply hastens Nature's work which is the rational and proper way to attain a perfect complexion, so much sought after, but very seldom seen. The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

For Dry, Irritating, and Dandruffy Scalps.

Nothing can compare with the following recipe for the above condition, and until you have rectified any trouble in this direction, it is useless to expect the hair to grow healthy and vigorous. Mix a package of boronium with $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of bay rum, shake the bottle well and allow to stand for 30 minutes, then add $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cold water and strain. This simple home remedy will stimulate the hair roots to their normal functions, resulting in a beautiful growth of new hair.

Rouge Not Necessary.

If you must add a little colour to the cheeks, please do not use rouge; it is always so painfully obvious that women of refinement have now discarded it for ever. There is a little-known substance called colliandum obtainable at most chemists, which can be used in its place. It gives a perfectly natural tint and defies the closest scrutiny, besides having the undoubted advantage of not rubbing off.

The Powder Puff Passes.

A persistently shiny nose, or a dull lifeless complexion, drives many a woman to cosmetics and consequent despair. And all the time a simple remedy lies at hand in the home. Get from your chemist about an ounce of clemintine, and add sufficient water to dissolve it. A little of this simple lotion is Nature's own beautifier. It is very good for the skin and instantly gives the complexion a soft, velvety, youthful bloom that any woman might envy. It lasts all day or evening, renders powdering entirely unnecessary, and absolutely defies detection.

Miscellaneous Hints.

For lips inclined to be rough or harsh use a soft stick of pectoratum.

An ideal complexion soap is one called pilenta. It contains no free alkali and is as near neutrality as science can make it.

To make the eyelashes grow long, dark, and curling, massage them gently with mennalin. It is quite a harmless substance and will not injure the eyes.

The pleasures of the table are enhanced by the good taste and elegance of your Silverware. Much of the plate, however, that is now sold is not worthy of the name, being simply common metal thinly coated with silver. "WELBECK" PLATE is a quadruple deposit of sterling silver upon hard white Nickel Silver, AND IS GUARANTEED TO LAST A LIFETIME. So excellent are its merits that the French Customs recently stamped "WELBECK" PLATE as Sterling Silver. This speaks for itself.

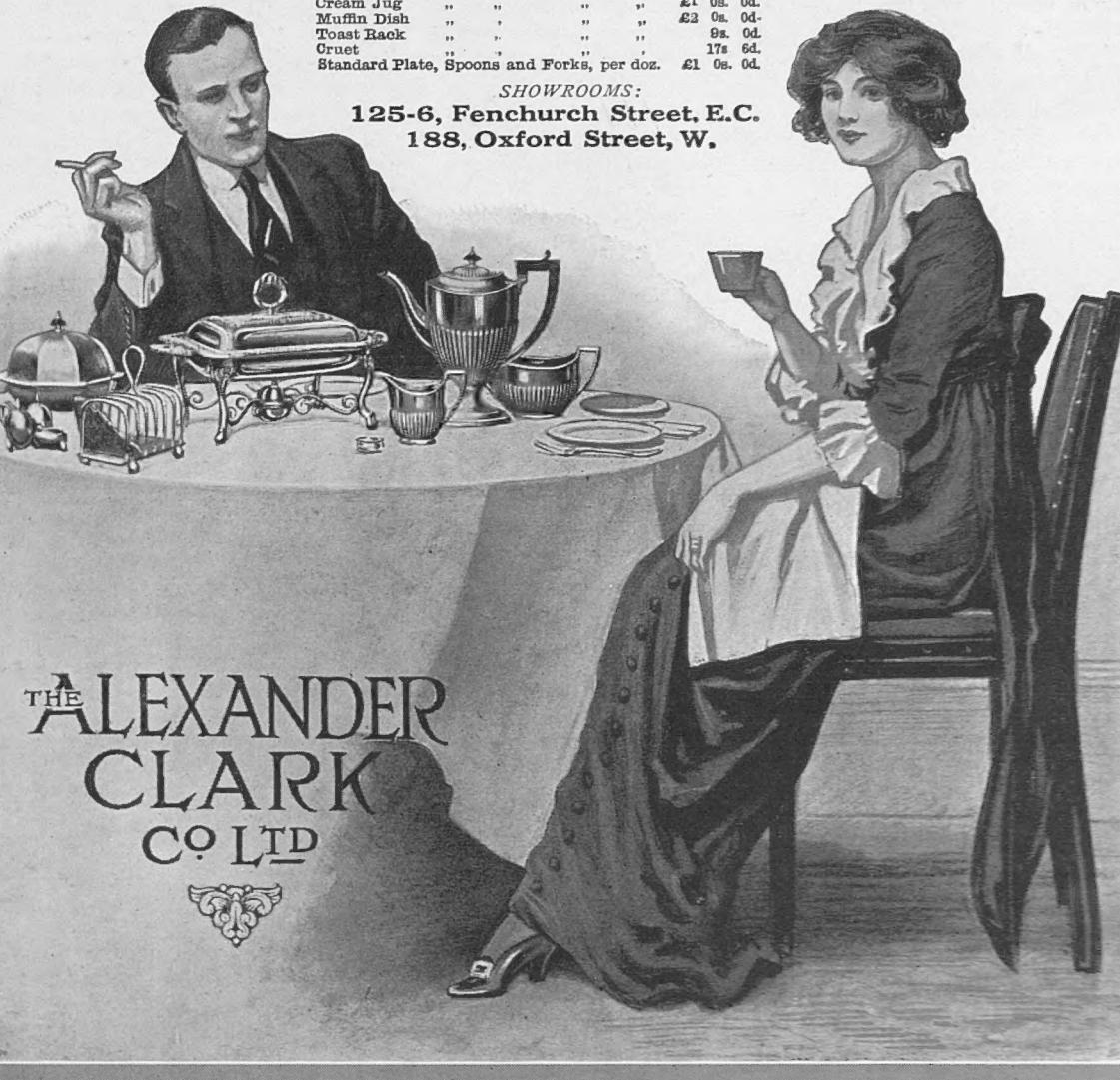
May we send you a Catalogue, or a selection of articles on approval?

Breakfast Dish (as illustrated)	Welbeck Plate	£8 2s. 6d.
Coffee Pot	"	£2 12s. 6d.
Sugar Basin	"	£1 2s. 0d.
Cream Jug	"	£1 0s. 0d.
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Standard Plate, Spoons and Forks, per doz.		£1 0s. 0d.

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ALEXANDER
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Baby's First Bath is always an
anxious time for mother and
nurse.

**WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap**

is so soothing, emollient and
harmless that it suits even the
tender skin of a new-born infant.

4d. per Tablet.

Protects from Infection.

SHOOTING NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE COMING OF THE WILD DUCK.

NOVEMBER has brought the beginning of floods to the water-meadows, and a few shy, elusive wild duck may be seen paddling rather than swimming on pastures that would remain uncovered throughout the year if the riparian owners would but do their duty and keep the river clean. But some of my neighbours prefer wild duck to dry pasture, and well-trodden cores and clumps of rushes to a clean and moving stream, even while they realise that if Mr. Lloyd George knew this he would be seriously annoyed. Though I would be a little ashamed to see my low-lying meadows water-logged, I am conscious of a little sense of envy when I hear the guns go off towards nightfall, and know there is enough light left to yield a brace or more to the gunner who, in waterproof and wading-boots, has contrived—by walking delicately, like Agag of old—to stalk his quarry. Now and again it is possible to find one or two duck by the river-banks at daybreak, but half-way through November the temptation of rising by lamplight and tramping over long, sodden grass on the off-chance of a shot is one that may be easily overcome.

Hand-reared wild duck are a disappointment on all save large estates, where the birds can be driven from one sheet of water to another high over the ambushed guns. To try duck-rearing on a small place is disappointing in the extreme, for the birds will come running up to be fed, and it is morally impossible to shoot anything that regards itself as a friend or dependent. The hand-reared duck soon loses the cunning of its forebears; the gifts that bring it into the domain of sport are lost under conditions of partial domesticity and security of food-supply: it seems to bear but the slightest relationship to the bird that has always recognised man as an enemy, and has been at infinite pains to keep well out of his way. Unfortunately, all wild-fowl shooting has suffered since the punt-gun was introduced, and though it does not affect inland waters, it scares birds from the estuaries and keeps them from coming far inland even in the stormiest weather.

I can remember an estuary on the East Coast as it was twenty years ago. No punt-gun had then been seen or heard in those parts, and at flight-time, when the thermometer had slipped below zero and the wind was blowing hard to shore, those of us who did not mind being moderately frozen would choose positions along the sea-wall and wait for the birds when they left a neighbouring decoy. Flight-time lasted no more than a few minutes, but the competition for a good place would find the sea-wall lined an hour before sunset,

and he who could bag a couple of brace of wild duck or widgeon felt well repaid for the long, cold vigil. At other times, when moon and tide and wind were favourable, we would put on white overalls and go out on to the salttings past the sea-wall, towards the main. As the tide came in, the wild fowl that were feeding upon their favourite grasses would be forced to leave one patch after another at the bidding of the waters, until at last they would come within reach of the gun and yield a modest toll. It happened often that by the time a brace was secured the water would be racing towards the wall, filling the creeks, and spreading to one's feet as though in an endeavour to make the return journey from the wall a race for life. It was advisable to take a companion who knew the marsh-lands intimately; but the risk gave to the sport the spice of adventure that was its best excuse, and no birds ever tasted so well as those that had been taken in defiance of the tide, the wind, and the thermometer, and had been hung for a week or more before they entered the kitchen *en route* for the dinner-table.

To-day the visitor to those wild and solitary marshlands may look in vain for sport. The decoy is no more than a deserted sheet of water, its pipes fouled, its netting gone, the 'coyman's cottage deserted—the punt-guns have proved too much for it. Half-a-dozen of them watch the approaches to the shore, and must go farther out each year in pursuit of their ill-won spoil. Sport is a thing of the past; but every now and again one of the long swivel-guns contrives to kill or to cripple a mass of unwary birds, to the great delight of the man who fired the shot, and to the supreme disgust of everybody else. The indirect result of this form of "sport" is the serious reduction of wild duck, and the substitution of the hand-reared variety that can only under exceptional circumstances be worth a shot, for what has occurred upon the estuary of which I write is typical of what has happened or is happening all over England. Although wild fowl come on to the market in large numbers, a considerable proportion is sent from abroad—chiefly, I believe, from Holland, where there are a great number of extremely well-managed decoys on waters that no punt-gunner is permitted to patrol. The great majority of sporting men deplore the changed conditions, and admit that if the punt-gun and its owner could be sent into compulsory retirement for a short period of years our estuaries and rivers would carry their old-time burden of wild fowl once again. Unfortunately, the regulations that control these things are made by statesmen instead of sportsmen. Perhaps, now that all questions relating to sport are to come up for serious consideration, those who know something about them will be heard. But this, to say the least, is unlikely.

B.

Progress at Olympia.

DUNLOP TYRES

SUPREME—AS USUAL!

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1,400
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1,056 divided between
all other makes, British
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